NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXVII., No. 25. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, DECEMBER 9, 1892. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

THE NEW COLUMBUS SHIP THAT IS TO BE SAILED ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

GALLON DUE
W N Pozer $3.13.98

THE "SANTA MARIA."

A great series of celebrations and festivities, upon two continents, in commemoration of the first voyage and the discovery of America by Columbus, was commenced at Palos, Spain, on August 3 the four-hundredth anniversary of the day on which the little fleet of the great navigator set sail on its memorable quest. The little town is on the Rio Tinto, near its mouth in the Gulf of Cadiz, and between it and the sea is the old convent of La Rabida, intimately associated with the memory of Columbus. Near by is the much larger town of Huelva, which has considerable export trade, and at this port assembled the Spanish vessel and those representing foreign nations also participating in the inaugural ceremonies, as the harbor at Palos did not allow the entry of large craft.

The principal feature of the celebration at this time was found in the "Santa Maria," a vessel built in every respect after the original of the largest of the three vessels of Columbus. The "Nina" and the "Pinta," the two other vessels completing the squadron, it is expected will be constructed in time to bear a part, in connection with the "Santa Maria," in the naval celebration to take place in New York harbor next spring, preliminary to the opening of the great exhibition at Chicago. Our picture of the "Santa Maria" is from a drawing made for the *Graphic* by Lieutenant E. C. Villiers, of the British Navy.

It was the design that the little vessel should sail out of the harbor of Palos in the early morning of August 3, after the same manner as the first or discovery voyage was commenced: but when the sailors spread their canvass it was found that there was no breeze and one of the gunboats was then employed to tow her towards the ocean. The Spanish vessels followed, and every foreign ship saluted with cannon as the "Santa Maria" passed. The war ships of foreign nations, sent to represent their governments in the celebration, followed the Spanish vessels. The multitudes on shore cheered in unison with the roar of the artillery. For three hours the "Santa Maria" followed the route along which Columbus had been wafted by the favoring breeze and was then towed back to Palos. Huelva which is undertaking the larger part of the celebration was bright with flags and thronged with visitors from all parts of the world. Palos is hardly more than a memory of what it was in the days of Columbus. It was then the chief city of the region. It has since decayed and is overshadowed by Huelva, the capital of the province. The convent of Santa Maria de la Rabida was also thronged with visitors. The convent buildings have been put in nearly the exact condition they were 400 years ago, when Columbus was a guest there. The tower of the convent, which occupies a prominent site, was probably the last object on the mainland which Columbus saw as he sailed away.

These jubilations formed the starting point for a series of *fetes*, designed to occupy Huelva, Palos, and La Rabida during the whole of the months August, September, and October, concluding with an International Congress and the official celebrations, in which the Queen Regent, the Court, the Ministers, the Corps Diplomatique, and the provincial and foreign deputations were to take part. At Madrid, Granada, and Seville there were to be congresses, horse-races, and bull fights, gala theatrical performances, historical cavalcades, and popular fairs, balls, receptions, and soirees. Nothing has been spared to mark with becoming pomp the role played by Spain in the discovery of the New World.

The "Santa Maria" of 1892 is in every respect, and in the minutest detail, a reproduction of its analogue of 1492, as it is pictured to us in the diary of the illustrious navigator. It has the same old-fashioned shape, the same primitive masts, rigging, and sails, even the same armament of falconets and mortars, halberds and arquebuses. The cabin of the commander is furnished in the style of the fifteenth century and its table is littered with maps, documents, and nautical instruments of the period. Finally, its mastheads are decorated with the royal standards of Castile and Leon, in exact imitation of the flags which Columbus planted in the New World on October 12, 1492. The vessel is manned by an excellent crew, obtained from among the fishermen and sailors of Cadiz and San Fernando, and placed under the orders of a detachment of officers of the Royal Navy. They are all in the highest spirits and confident that they will be able to conduct this vessel of 240 tons safely to New York next year, when the great celebrations are to take place here. Preliminary to that occasion it is designed that the "Santa Maria" will be accompanied across the ocean by a "Pinta" and "Nina," also constructed in imitation of the two smaller caravels which formed Columbus' escort four hundred years ago. And these in their turn will be watched over by a modern Spanish squadron, which will act as a guard of honor and render them any assistance they may need, a provision whose necessity will readily be understood when we remember that the largest of the vessels had only about the dimensions of a good sized canal boat of the present day.

HOW SHALL WE KEEP THEM?

This is a question of vital importance. It is a question which has troubled the mind of superintendents and teachers not a little during the past century. The question before us assumes that young men and women come to our Sunday-schools, but they are not kept there. Now, if they are not kept in our Sunday-schools, there must be some reason or reasons why they are not. It may be that they get the notion into their head that the Sunday-school is not intended for grown up people; that it is intended only for children. In the case of some they may come to Sunday-school a few times, but through neglect or oversight do not receive as hearty a welcome as they ought to receive. The superintendent or teacher should see to it that the young men and young women just coming into our school should be made welcome to all the privileges of the school. Somebody should take them by the hand, tell them that he is glad to see them, give them a hearty invitation to come again, show them the library, give them a good book to take home to read during the week, and in all probability they will be back the next Sabbath, if for nothing else, to return the books. In short, we must make them feel that we are interested in them, that we care for them, that we love them.

While the writer was attending college in Granville, Ohio, he was superintendent of a mission school. He adopted the above plan. A little boy on his way home said to his teacher (I am very modest in saying it), "I like that man, he shook hands with me." The first principle, then, which suggests itself to my mind, by which we may retain the young people in our Sunday-school, is, make them feel that we are interested in them.

The work depends very largely upon the teacher. Therefore, I would say, in the second place, that the teacher must gain the confidence of those under his care. For example, a minister of the gospel who has not the confidence of the people can not expect to do them much, if any, good. They must believe in him; believe that he is worthy of his calling; they must believe that he believes what he is preaching to them, and that he not only believes it but practices it just as nearly as he can. So, also, in regard to the Sunday-school teacher. The young men and women who are under his care must believe in him; they must believe that he believes what he is teaching, and in order that he may impress this more strongly upon their mind, he must live what he teaches. The minister, the superintendent and the teacher are looked upon as examples, as leaders, and it becomes them as such to so walk that they may wield an influence over those with whom they come in contact that will tell to them that they believe what they preach.

In the third place, the teacher should strive to make the lessons as interesting as possible. In order to do this there must be thorough preparation. In order to make a success in any calling or profession of life there must first be the necessary preparation. The man who wishes to enter some business profession, can not successfully carry on his business unless he has had some experience in the special line of business into which he wishes to enter. The mechanic, the physician, the teacher in our public schools must each have a sufficient knowledge of those things required of them before they can succeed in their special line of work. This is an age of specialists. Life is too short, and time is too precious for a man to think that he can know everything, and know just how everything ought to be done. The Sunday-school teacher is a specialist, and he must make his work a special study. The soldier going to battle cannot expect to gain the victory unless he equips himself. So also must the Sunday-school teacher equip himself. He must have on the whole armor of God.—*Standard.*

EACH IN PARTICULAR.

You must not only know boys and girls, young men and young women, in general; you must know your pupils in particular. You are simply following your divine Lord when you are studying, by the closest observation, with the most minute attention, the special surroundings, the home life, the business duties, the reading, the companions, the amusements, the society, the temptations, the dangers, the easily-besetting sins, as well as the nobler traits of the pupils whom God has given you to teach. *Baptist Teacher.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XII.—DECEMBER 18, 1892.

REVIEW.—Acts 9:1-15:35.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."—Rom. 10:4.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 9:1-42.—Lessons I., II.
T. Acts 10:1-48.—Lessons III., IV.
W. Acts 11:1-30.—Lesson V.
Th. Acts 12:1-25.—Lesson VI.
F. Acts 13:1-43.—Lesson VII., VIII.
S. Acts 13:44-14:28.—Lessons IX., X.
S. Acts 15:1-35.—Lesson XI.

LESSON XIII.—DECEMBER 25, 1892.

1. THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.—Luke 2:8-20.

(A Christmas Lesson.)

COMMIT TO MEMORY v. 11-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."—Luke 2:10.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 2:1-20.—The Child Jesus.
T. Micah 5:1-7.—Out of Bethlehem.
W. John 1:1-14.—The Word Made Flesh.
Th. Rev. 19:1-16.—Heavenly Rejoicing.
F. Gal. 4:1-15.—The Fulness of Time.
S. Eph. 1:1-14.—Accepted in the Beloved.
S. Rev. 1:1-17.—The Gospel the Power of God.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Tidings Revealed. vs. 8-11.
II. The Tidings Believed. vs. 15, 16.
III. The Tidings Made Known. vs. 17-20.

TIME.—B. C. 4: Augustus Cæsar emperor of Rome; Herod the Great king of Judea.

PLACE.—Bethlehem of Judea, six miles south of Jerusalem; now a thriving town with about four thousand inhabitants. Its modern name is Beit Lahm.

OPENING WORDS.

The Roman emperor had issued a decree of enrollment that required Joseph and Mary, who were living at Nazareth in Galilee, to go to Bethlehem to be enrolled. Thus it happened that Jesus the promised Messiah was born at Bethlehem, according to the prediction of the prophet, Micah 5:2. See vs. 1-7.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

8. *The same country*—near Bethlehem. 9. *The glory of the Lord*—a bright shining light, the token of the divine presence. 10. *Which shall be to all people*—to all the world, Gentiles as well as Jews. 11. *The city of David*—Bethlehem, where David was born. *A Saviour*—see Matt. 1:21. *Christ*—the Christ, the Anointed One. *The Lord*—Jehovah. 12. *Swaddling clothes*—bandages which were tightly wrapped around a new-born child. 14. *Glory to God....on earth peace.*—Isa. 9:6. Revised Version, "peace among men in whom he is well pleased." 16. *They came with haste*—showing their faith in the angelic announcement and their earnestness to following the directions given them. 17. *They made known abroad*—the news was too good to be kept; thus they became the first evangelists.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did Joseph and Mary live? Why did they go to Bethlehem? What took place while they were there? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE TIDINGS REVEALED. vs. 8-14.—Who were in the field near Bethlehem? What were they doing? Who appeared to them? What shone about them? How were the shepherds affected? What encouraging word did the angel speak? What tidings did he bring? For whom were these tidings? By what sign were the shepherds to know the infant Saviour? Who now appeared with the angel? What was their song?

II. THE TIDINGS BELIEVED. vs. 15, 16.—What did the shepherds say one to another? What made them believe the tidings? What did they do? What did they find?

III. THE TIDINGS MADE KNOWN. vs. 17-20.—What did the shepherds do after they had seen the Saviour? How was their report received? What is said of Mary? How did the shepherds show their joy? How should we receive the tidings of a Saviour?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Christ was born a Saviour for you, for me, for all.
2. His birth brings glory to God, joy to angels and salvation to men.
3. As soon as we hear of this Saviour we should hasten to find him.
4. When we have found him we should tell to others the glad tidings of his love.
5. He is the only Saviour. Acts 4:12.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What tidings did an angel bring to the shepherds of Bethlehem? Ans. Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.
2. Who suddenly appeared with the angel? Ans. A multitude of the heavenly host praising God.
3. What was the song of the angels? Ans. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men.
4. What did the shepherds do? Ans. They hastened to Bethlehem, and found the babe lying in a manger.
5. How was the report of the shepherds received by those who heard it? Ans. They wondered at the things which were told them by the shepherds.

LESSON XIII.—DECEMBER 25, 1892.

2. QUARTERLY TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Rom. 14:12-23.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 19, 20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak."—Rom. 15:1.

HOME READINGS.

M. Rom. 14:1-13.—The Strong must Bear with the Weak.
T. Rom. 14:14-23.—Must not Abuse their Liberty
W. Rom. 15:1-14.—Christ Pleased not Himself.
Th. Dan. 1:8-21.—Daniel and his Companions.
F. 1 Cor. 8:1-13.—Abstinence for the Sake of Others.
S. Gal. 5:16-26.—Christian Temperance.
S. 1 Cor. 13:1-13.—Christian Love.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Things that Make Others Stumble. vs. 12-15.
II. Things that Make for Peace. vs. 16-19.
III. Things that we had Better not Do. vs. 20-23.

TIME.—A. D. 58, early in the spring; Nero emperor of Rome; Felix governor of Judea; Herod Agrippa II. king of Chalcis and Galilee.

PLACE.—Written by Paul from Corinth.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

13. *Let us not therefore*—Do not judge one another, but determine to avoid giving offence. 14. *There is nothing unclean of itself*—the distinction between clean and unclean meats is no longer valid. *To him it is unclean*—though not unclean in itself, it ought not to be used by those who regard its use as unlawful. 15. *If thy brother be grieved*—though the thing is right in itself, yet if indulgence in it be injurious to others, that indulgence is a violation of the law of love. *For whom Christ died*—if Christ so loved him as to die for him, how base in you not to submit to the smallest self-denial for his welfare! 17. *The kingdom of God is not meat*—another reason for forbearance; no principle of duty is to be sacrificed. 20. *For meat destroy not the work of God*—do not, for the sake of indulgence in certain kinds of food, injure the cause of true religion. 21. *It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine*—that is, abstaining from flesh, wine, or anything else which is injurious to others, is right, that is, morally obligatory. 22. *Hast thou faith?*—Revised Version, "the faith which thou hast, have thou to thyself before God." 23. *Is damned*—is condemned. If a man thinks a thing to be wrong, to him it is wrong. *Whatsoever is not of faith, is sin*—whatever we do which we are not sure is right, is wrong.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THINGS THAT MAKE OTHERS STUMBLE. vs. 12-15.—To whom shall we all give account? What is therefore our duty? Of what was the apostle persuaded? Meaning of the last clause of ver. 14? What general principle of duty is here taught? What reason is assigned for the duty enjoined? How may this apply to wine-drinking and the general use of intoxicating drinks?

II. THINGS THAT MAKE FOR PEACE. vs. 16-19.—What reason is given for thus regarding the welfare of others? In what does true religion consist? How does this passage bear upon the apostle's object? Meaning of verse 18? What is therefore our duty?

III. THINGS THAT WE HAD BETTER NOT DO. vs. 20-23.—Meaning of *for meat destroy not the work of God?* On what principle is forbearance here urged? By what rule is the exercise of Christian liberty to be regulated? vs. 15, 20, 21. What important principle of morals is taught in verse 23? Under what circumstances is abstinence from meat, wine and other things here said to be duty? How does this apply to wine-drinking in our day? On what other grounds would you enforce the duty of total abstinence?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. It is often morally wrong to do what, in itself considered, may be innocent.
2. It is wrong to do anything which we think to be wrong. The converse of this proposition, however, is not true: It is not always right to do what we think to be right.
3. We should be willing to give up our own ease or pleasure or gratification for the good of others.
4. Regard for the evil influence of our example on others, to say nothing of other and higher grounds of obligation, should lead us to abstain from the use of intoxicants as a beverage.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Of what was the apostle persuaded? Ans. That the Jewish law about clean and unclean meats was not binding on Christians.
2. How did some Christians feel on this subject? Ans. They were in great doubt whether this distinction was done away.
3. What did Paul say was the duty of those who had these doubts? Ans. To abstain entirely from the things about the use of which they were thus doubtful.
4. What did he say for the direction of others? Ans. It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HINTS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

OTTOMANS.

The old-fashioned ottomans of our grandmothers' day, we are assured, are coming into vogue again. They are exceedingly comfortable where a low seat is desired, especially in bedrooms, and in the living rooms of the house they are in demand by the children.

Any one with a little time and skill can manufacture them at home by means of a strong box from the grocer's, which may be covered around the sides with cretonne or figured satine.

Over this hang tassels of rope which has been untwisted and combed out. These should reach the floor.

Make a cushion of the cretonne filled with curled hair, just the size of the top of the box, which is used as a seat. This is securely fastened to the box by means of tacks around the top of the sides.

Braid three strands of small rope and tack around the seat by means of gilt-headed nails; this will conceal where the cushion is tacked to the box, and will also serve as a heading for the rope tassels.

To make a circular ottoman, get a small tub, turn upside down, and upholster it in any way you desire.

The round ottomans are very nice for filling a corner, especially if an artistic corner-bracket or wall-cabinet is hung above it.

SIMPLE FRAMES FOR PHOTOGRAPHS.

Cabinet-sized photographs may be prettily framed in this way. Get from the glazier glass cut just the size of the picture, two glasses for each picture. On one of them arrange and fasten by gum water at the back any pretty little group of pressed flowers and leaves, buttercups or pansies, small ferns or four-leafed clovers, anything that is easily pressed and retains a good color. There may be a cluster in each corner, or in one upper and one lower corner. Place the second glass directly over the first to protect it and behind both the photograph. Then frame with ribbon for hanging up, or simply fasten the whole together with a small brass or wire clasp at each side and end. The large hooks that are sometimes used on cloaks might answer for clasps if the glass is not too thick.

RIBBON BAG.

A yard each of three colors of ribbon three inches wide is required to make this simple and pretty bag. Bronze, terra-cotta, and old-gold are a serviceable combination. A space half a yard long at the middle of the ribbons is joined with fine invisible stitches. The bag is then folded and the sides joined. The ends at the top are turned down to form loops, and the double layer of ribbon is sewed through twice to form a casing for a ribbon drawing-string.

A PRETTY SILK AFGHAN.

A new afghan is composed entirely of ribbons of different shades and widths. On a foundation of light cotton material, three strips of dark-olive sash-ribbon are sewed about their own breadth apart. Then with narrower picot edged ribbons in the following order, the space between is filled, each ribbon overlapping its neighbor a trifle, and run down with invisible stitches. Next the olive comes shell-pink, white, light-blue, scarlet, blue, white, orange. If several shades of each color are used, the effect is also good. The lining is of quilted satin, and the whole is bound by an olive ribbon, the edge of which may be button holed with knitting silk of the same color. Into this a handsome shell is crocheted, forming a border for the afghan. The strips of ribbon are each one yard and five-eighths in length.

ANOTHER AFGHAN.

For this you can use all your bits of silk. Those that are soiled may be put into proper shape by a bath in diamond dyes. Cut them in narrow strips. Then crochet with large needle in coarse shells just as you would use worsted.

FOR A PHOTOGRAPH FRAME.

Take half a yard of satin ribbon a trifle wider than the photograph. Fringe it two inches or more at the bottom. Take brass curtain rings, cover with close crochet in silk to match ribbon, arranging at corners five, three, one, and put a straight row across the top with three in each corner of the top. Either fringe the top or make a point finished with a crocheted ring for hanging the ribbon. These are really pretty.

FOR EYEGLASSES.

A little book is the latest thing out for those who wear eyeglasses. It has a kid, satin, silk or linen cover, lined with chamois, over an interlining of crinoline, inner chamois leaves, and an embroidered, painted or gilded inscription, "Rub, Rub, Rub." The cover is an inch and three-quarters square; it is edged with a fine silk cord, secured by minute silk stitches, while a cord to match the cover is laced through tiny perforations at the back of the book: one end of the cord is left several inches long and is finished with a loop just large enough to slip over an ordinary dress button. To adjust this little convenience, slip the loop over a button or hook in the bosom of the dress and tuck the book inside or beneath some fold or fulness if a fancy corsage is worn.

A JAPANESE SOFA-CUSHION.

What could be daintier than a cushion for a couch made of two Japanese silk handkerchiefs? Either buy or make a muslin-covered feather pillow of the same size as the handkerchiefs you intend to use, and arrange around the edge a puffing of light blue satin. Then with a stiletto and white embroidery silk make eyelet holes around the four sides of each handkerchief, and lace the handkerchief across the blue satin with narrow white ribbon, fastening a rosette of the ribbon at each corner. When soiled, the handkerchiefs can be removed and washed.

TO MAKE A FANCY APRON.

The materials are one yard of linen lace—striped scrim, three-quarters of a yard wide—the kind used for window curtains, one yard of any pretty white lace two inches wide, crochet edging will do, a few skeins of embroidery silk, and two and one-half yards of ribbon one and one-quarter inches wide of the same color.

If possible, get the scrim in a pattern of broad and narrow stripes, the narrow one-half inch, the broad two and one-half inches wide.

Then, commencing eleven inches from the end, feather-stitch on both sides of all the narrow stripes with the same color. Then feather-stitch on both sides of all the wide stripes with some shade that will harmonize or contrast well; for instance, dark blue for the narrow, Indian-red for the wide.

Beginning seven inches from the bottom on the other side of the scrim, feather-stitch down to the bottom in the same way. Finish with a narrow hem, and feather-stitch across it. Turn this piece up six inches on the right side of the apron, sew the lace to the hem and catch it (the lace) to the apron at spaces seven inches apart. Make a hem one and one-half inches wide at the top of the apron, and ornament it with two rows of feather-stitching running across it, one at the top and the other at the bottom of the hem.

The model I am describing has the narrow stripes worked with blue of a medium shade, and the broad ones with shaded blue, running from a pale to a very dark tint.

The ribbon may be drawn through the hem, crossed, and tied in front, or the hem can be drawn up on half a yard of ribbon, and the remainder used to make long-looped bows or rosettes at each end. The latter way is very pretty, but the apron must then be pinned on to the dress when worn.

JEWEL BOXES.

Pretty jewel boxes may be made from transparent celluloid. In the centre of a square of celluloid (nine inches is a good size) mark off a smaller three-inch square; from the corners of this draw lines to outer edge so as to form a maltese cross. Now draw lines so that when the edges are cut they shall be scallops or points, and on the line which connects the two squares draw wings of a butterfly. Now cut out and paint, in oil, (if gum arabic is dissolved in water, water-colors may be used,) a band of somepretty color all round the edge of the small square, and points. On the other side of the celluloid gild each side of painted band; paint and gild butterfly to suit yourself. Punching little holes, lace up the sides with narrow ribbon using side gilded for outside. Make a pad of China silk and place in bottom. When finished it should cost only twenty or twenty-five cents.

MICA.

Having been struck with a fever of experimenting and recovered so far as to be able to report satisfactory results, I hasten to communicate. One is the many pretty articles one can make from a few sheets of mica, the isinglass used for stove doors.

It can be cut with ordinary scissors, painted, woven in strips, bound together with ribbon, made into card baskets, lamp shades, jewellery boxes and a host of other articles. Indeed, the fever will grow on one, if once attacked.

One pretty fancy in a card basket is to take the pieces of mica almost square and cut six pieces; the bottom should be three inches across, two and one-half at the sides, flaring to four inches across the top, and three through the middle—round off the top—and tie each piece with tiny bows to its companion piece; cut a bottom six-sided, three inches on each side, and fasten with tiny ribbon to its companion sides. Or, bind each piece with ribbon entirely around, stitching the sides over and over with silk to match, glass box fashion.

A lamp shade of rose-colored mica is pretty; you will have to exercise your skill in cutting each piece separate, and lacing together at the top with finest wire; silver hair wire, I call it.

USE MORE ONIONS.

It is related of a country physician that as he passed by a farmhouse he remarked: "I shall not have many calls from here this year." The reason for this remark was a thrifty onion patch which he saw in the side yard. It is true that onions are about the most healthful vegetable that the housewife can use. If it were not for tainting the breath they would be much more generally used than they are. They are extremely easy of digestion, and to this fact part of their medicinal virtue is due. They give the generally over-taxed stomach a rest, digesting themselves and absorbing offensive matters that previous ill-feeding had left, which the digestive organs were unable to dispose of. A friend who has had long experience tells us he cured a cold by eating a very light dinner, and at night taking nothing except a bowl of onions cooked as soft as they can be. Then going to bed he begins to perspire, sleeps soundly till morning, and is then a new man, with not a trace of the cold that, uncared for, might have developed into dangerous disease.—*American Cultivator.*

SEALING UP PRESERVES, &c.

I cut a circular piece of soft brown paper to fit in the top of the jar neatly; this I dip in vinegar and lay on the fruit, pressing down well; then I will cut two more circular pieces a little larger than the jars so they will come over the side a little. I make a common boiled paste with a little flour and water worked up smooth and cook thoroughly like starch. I then write the name of the fruit or jelly on the last or top paper, as well as date. I now have fruit and jelly two and three years old; I can tell by the date of month and year. I put paste all over one piece of paper, paste it on smoothly while the fruit is hot, then put the second piece on the same way; it will get hard like a drum head. I very seldom have any fruit spoil. It is rather more trouble, but when done will repay for the extra trouble in the neat appearance and in keeping better, I think, than where just tied up.—*Country Gentleman.*

A LETTER GAME.

For fear that some of our young people may forget their geography during vacation, we quote the following game from the American School.

Get half a dozen wide-awake people around the table, and then put a letter-box in the hands of some steady head who can be trusted as umpire. He will throw a letter in the centre of the table, and the first one in the circle who can tell a geographical name beginning with the letter in sight takes the letter; and the one, at the conclusion, who can count the greatest number is the winner of the game. Any name of any place under our sun which is of sufficient dignity to possess a post-office is legitimate to use; or that of any lake, river, mountain or sea.—*Household.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

"I WANT TO TELL Jack's wife," said Mrs. C. K., "that I can make baking powder which is nicer than any I ever bought. I take half a pound of cream of tartar, a quarter of a pound of baking soda, and one pint of cornstarch. Sift all well together, and put into a tin can having a close cover."

STEWED TOMATOES.—Put a quart can of tomatoes into a porcelain lined or agate stewpan and place over the fire. When hot add one tablespoonful of finely chopped or grated onion, a tablespoonful of butter, a tablespoonful of sugar and pepper and salt. Rub fine a teacupful of stale bread crumbs, and when the tomato has stewed fifteen minutes add them and cook ten minutes longer.

BAKED ONIONS.—Cook in two waters, the second salted and boiling, a dozen large onions. When tender, skim out carefully and place close together in a bake dish. Pepper, butter and salt liberally; pour over half a teacupful of soup stock strained through a cloth, and brown in a hot oven. When done remove the onions, thicken the liquor with a tablespoonful of brown flour, pour it over them and serve hot.

CREAMED CORN.—Put a quart of canned corn into a farina boiler and stew twenty minutes. Then add one tablespoonful of butter, rubbed into one of flour, one teacupful of cream and salt to taste. Stew gently three minutes and serve warm. Be sure to keep the boiler covered to retain the color of the corn.

CAULIFLOWER WITH WHITE SAUCE.—After removing all green and imperfect leaves, plunge a head of cauliflower into cold salt water several times. Now put in a twine net or cheese-cloth bag, and boil 20 minutes in hot salt water. Drain in a warm place. Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg; stir in smoothly one tablespoonful of flour, and add a gill of milk, half a teacupful of cream, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, salt and pepper. Pour over the cauliflower, sprinkle over a few browned, buttered bread crumbs and serve.

COOKING DRIED FRUITS.—Every one does not know how to cook dried fruits properly. This is oftentimes the reason why more people do not like them. Prunes and apricots are delicious, if prepared in the right way. They should be washed and soaked in cold water for twenty-four hours; then the kettle with its contents should be placed on the stove and heated to the boiling point. Let this simmer for three or four hours, not adding the sugar until a half-hour before the fruit is taken up. It will be almost jellied, and when served with cream it makes a delicious dessert.

A GOOD POLISHING POWDER.—One of the very best polishing powders that was ever used in my kitchen I discovered quite by accident. The range was being cleaned out, and in the flue under the oven there was a quantity of gray dust, a sort of smoke deposit, as fine as flour, that was taken out with a large spoon. In washing the spoon it was noticed that a mysterious brilliancy was acquired, and the credit for this was quickly given to the smoke dust. Since then we have always used it for polishing tinware. If put on with a damp cloth, a lustre will immediately appear that surpasses that produced by all other powders.

LOOKING AFTER THE GARBAGE PAILS.—It is surprising how few housekeepers look after the garbage pails and the kitchen sink. The supervision of such things cannot be left entirely to the maids, and it is absolutely necessary to see that they are kept scrupulously clean. It takes only a few minutes, and if there is system in the house, as there should be, it is easy to attend to such matters on Monday mornings. A solution of lye or washing soda will cleanse the pails most effectually, and when the maid finishes washing she can take some of the suds and scrub them with a little whisk. Uncleansed pails will breed the germs of many dangerous diseases, but otherwise excellent housekeepers are wont to be careless about such things. The kitchen sink should be flushed with hot water twice a day, and once a week a solution of washing soda should be poured down the pipe. Be generous with soda dissolved in hot water; it is good for all waste pipes.

JELLIED TONGUE.—Lay two fresh beef tongues in an earthen bowl and sprinkle with salt to draw out the blood. Next day wash and wipe dry and rub thoroughly with the following mixture of spices. (This mixture, by the way, is delicious for other spiced meat, and should be kept prepared in an air-tight jar): To one teacupful of brown sugar, add half a cupful of ground allspice, the same of ground pepper, one-fourth of a cupful each of ground cloves and cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of powdered saltpetre and half a cupful of dairy salt; mix thoroughly. After rubbing the tongues, place them in an earthen bowl, and after sprinkling some of the mixture over them set in a cold place. Every morning for two or three weeks drain off the liquor and pour it back over them, turning them over. When wanted, wash and wipe off the spice, and simmer slowly for three hours. Take out the tongues, and let the gravy simmer down slowly. After skimming them, press down very tightly into a bowl or mould, pour over enough of the liquor in which they were boiled to fill the interstices, and cover with a plate and heavy weight. When perfectly cold turn out on a platter and serve by cutting horizontally with a sharp, thin-bladed knife.

CELERY SALAD.—Wash and scrape a dozen stalks of celery and lay in ice-cold water until dinner-time. Then cut into inch lengths, pour over mayonnaise dressing, stir well together and set on ice until wanted.

POTATO PUFF.—To three teacupfuls of finely mashed and peppered potatoes, add three tablespoonfuls of soft butter, and beat to a white, creamy mass. Beat the yolks of two eggs very light and stir thoroughly into the potato and then add half or two-thirds of a cupful of warm milk. When smooth, add the well beaten whites of two eggs, pile upon a buttered, hot dish, and slightly brown in the oven.

HOW QUEEN VICTORIA TRAVELS.

Some years ago Queen Victoria, making acknowledgments of the care that watches over her railway journeys, commanded that a circular letter should be written to the managers of the railways she is accustomed to use, expressing her will and pleasure that the railway movements of "the meanest of her subjects" might be cared for with equal diligence.

Precisely what answer was made by the railway managers to this kindly suggestion I do not know. But talking it over, even to this day, they loyally but ineffectually attempt to repress a smile.

It was an observation of which, like some of Captain Bunsby's, "the bearings lays in the application of." When the reader has mastered the following details surrounding the Queen's journeys by rail, he will be in a position to decide how far the ordinary third-class passenger might be dealt with in similar circumstances:

The Queen's journeys within the United Kingdom run in pretty monotonous lines. She either travels to and from Windsor to Ballater, for Balmoral, or between Windsor and Gosport, for Osborne. There are two saloon carriages in ordinary use; one, for day journeys, belongs to the Great Western Railway, and is perhaps the most beautiful coach on the English lines; the other, used for night journeys to Scotland, belongs to the North-Western Company.

I have before me, as I write, a plan of the royal train on its last journey from Ballater to Windsor, and it may be interesting and convenient to show how it was made up and occupied.

The first after the brake-van is a sleeping-carriage apportioned to menservants. Behind them is a day saloon for pages and upper servants; then come dressers and ladies' maids. After these human buffers we come abruptly upon duchesses and the like. There are the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, the Hon. Frances Drummond, Miss MacNeill and Miss Cochrane, ladies-in-waiting to the Queen.

These have a double saloon to themselves. The adjoining carriage, also a double saloon, is allotted to the use of the Queen's grandchildren, the already numerous Battenberg family, and their attendants.

Next the very centre of the train are the royal saloons. The centre portion, convertible into a sleeping apartment, was, on the occasion of which I write, occupied by her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice. A smaller compartment on one side was allotted to the Queen's Dressers, and on the other to her maidservants.

In a saloon in the rear of the royal carriage the Princess Frederica of Hanover travelled. Then, in another double saloon, came the officers of the household, Sir Henry Ponsonby, Lord Burleigh, Major Bigge, Doctor Reid and Mr. Muther.

In the next saloon rode the Indian servants, who of late years are partially, at least, filling the place in her Majesty's esteem formerly occupied by that faithful old servant, John Brown. A double saloon and first-class carriage, immediately in the rear of this, the directors of the railway have judiciously set apart for themselves. There has always been on the part of the public a desire, in making a railway journey, that one of the front carriages should contain a director or two, in case of accident. Here, as we see, the directors place themselves in a safer quarter at the rear of the train.

Behind the directors' carriages comes a truck containing what is known as the Queen's "fourgon," being a vehicle containing much portable property. Another brake-van completes the making-up of the train.

One detail in connection with its arrangement will show what infinite care is bestowed upon the Queen's comfort. At each of the termini of the railway journeys the companies have provided a special entrance and waiting-room for the Queen's pleasure. At Paddington, as at Windsor, on the Great Western line, there is a charming room, occupying valuable space, sumptuously furnished, fired and illumined by the electric light.

The problem of the management is to get the royal train drawn up at a siding, so that the door of the royal saloon may open immediately opposite the door of the waiting-room. How is it to be done? A skilled engine-driver can make a guess at the precise spot where he must pull up in order that a particular carriage may be halted somewhere near a specified spot. That would be near enough for distinguished travellers like Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury or others whom a popular reception awaits. But it would not do to have the Queen landed a foot this way or that way out of the precise line of the doorway.

The ingenuity of man has, however, been equal to this as to other emergencies, and this is the way in which it is met: The space between the door of the royal saloon and the rear of the engine is measured to an inch. The length of this part of the train in the Queen's last journey is set down at two hundred and sixty-two feet six inches. The space forward, from the door to the waiting-room, is measured with equal minuteness, and at the other spot to which the two hundred and sixty-two feet six inches run, a porter with a flag is stationed.

There he stands, bolt-upright; and when the rear of the engine is precisely level with the bridge of his nose, it follows, as the light follows the day, that the door of the royal saloon carriage is immediately opposite the door of the royal waiting-room.

I wonder if, amid her cares of state, the Queen has ever noticed the precision and regularity with which she, on her various journeys, is always brought to a halt right before the door of the waiting-room, and if she sometimes marvels how it is done.

Railways had been in ordinary use for years before the Queen would venture to use them. Long after her marriage, she always went by road from Windsor to London. It was the Prince Consort who, of the royal household, first braved the novel dangers of the railway. When he had travelled up and down once or twice, and no harm had come of it, the Queen, greatly daring, ventured; and having once experienced the convenience and advantages of this mode of locomotion, she became a pretty constant traveller.

Whenever she sets forth she must have a special train, surrounded by all the precautions hereafter set forth. In this she differs from the Prince of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family, who only on rare occasions and in circumstances of urgency have a special train. Their usage is to take an ordinary train, of course having a carriage reserved for them.

That, it may be observed, is regarded as a personal transaction much more satisfactory to railway directors and shareholders than are the movements of Her Majesty. Every one of her journeys, appropriating as it does for a certain time a large part of the resources of the railway company, must cost an enormous sum, not to speak of the interruption of public traffic and the inconvenience caused to hapless passengers who happen to cross the Queen's path.

Her Majesty, however, anxious, as appears from the circular letter quoted, to be treated on equal terms with her subjects, pays the ordinary charge for a special train, neither more or less.

Sometimes, when all the arrangements are made for a royal journey on a day and at an hour specified, there comes a telegram or note to say that the Queen will travel on some other day. But when it is meant that the journey shall *actually* take place at the specified time, the Queen is there to the moment.

In talking over the matter with high officials I noticed that at this point there is visible on their faces and in their manner the only gleam of enthusiasm evoked by consideration of the business. Punctuality is the politeness of monarchs, and the Queen is certainly punctual.

Her Majesty, unlike some of her subjects, objects to travelling at high speed. About thirty-five miles an hour, a low speed for first-class trains in England, is the average pace of the royal train.

On a recent journey taken to the north of Wales the Queen travelled at night, and desired that the accomplishment of the journey should correspond with her usual hours of sleeping. This was a fresh and difficult task for the harassed railway managers, since the journey would in the ordinary way be made in five hours.

They could not, like the ingenious cabman desirous of deluding a foreign fare, make a *detour* so as to give an illusive appearance of length to the journey. The only thing to be done was to drive slowly; and so the journey was strategically accomplished, being concluded at the usual hour of Her Majesty's leaving her bedroom to commence the day.—*By Henry W. Lucy, in Youth's Companion.*

A MODERN KNIGHT.*

BY ELEANOR MAYFIELD.

Alone she stood—a woman bowed low with many years,
Her dim eyes heavy-freighted with the weight of unshed tears.
Alone and sad and friendless, 'mid the city's ceaseless din,
One chilled hand clutching feebly a battered violin.

Her longing gaze oft wandered to the far-off Heavenly dome,
As she played, with sad insistence, the tune of "Home, Sweet Home."
Her unskilled touch woke discords that rent the Wintry air,
And a curious crowd soon gathered, to wonder and to stare.

But no one sought to aid her, or words of help to speak,
And soon the tears of sorrow coursed slowly down her cheek.
They dimmed her feeble vision; her fingers worn and thin,
Made halting passes, faltered, then dropped the violin.

With one low cry of anguish, she turned to leave the place,
When lo! there stood before her a youth. With courtly grace
The violin he lifted, and straightway took his stand
Beside the lowly woman, and with a master-hand,

Evoked such strains of sweetness that all the air seemed rife
With melody triumphant. Like to a child's young life
In its first pristine morning, the glad notes rose and fell,
Weaving about the listeners a soft, enchanting spell.

Then, reached by slow gradations, a lower, tenderer strain
Told of the birth of sorrow, the first sad throes of pain;
Followed in quick succession, through the swift-passing years
By bitter tones of anguish, and hopes dissolved in tears.

A plaintive, wailing cadence, like passing of a breath,
Revealed a guest unbidden—the black robed Angel Death.
It told of fond ties riven, of desolation, loss,
Of hunger, cold and heartache, of fainting 'neath the cross

Then, like a benediction, a tender, brooding peace
Spread wings of gracious healing, bidding all sorrows cease;
And in the hearts that listened, was born a blessed ray
Of human love and pity, as the music died away.

A mighty throng of people, gathered from far and wide
To hear the wondrous playing, pressed close on every side,
The loosening of their heartstrings had loosed their purse strings too,
Stifling all base self-seeking, making their lives ring true.

Then scores of willing pockets, and scores of willing hands
Poured forth a glad donation, at Charity's demands,
Till the woman's trembling fingers held such a goodly store
As for many, many weary years they had not held before.

As down her cheeks the mingled tears of joy and sorrow rolled,
She said to one who questioned, "Twas my life the music told.
I once had husband, children, friends, a home with love within,
But the only thing that's left me now is this poor old violin,

In the first glad days of wedded life, that fled alas! too soon,
Dear John, my husband, taught me to play that one old tune.
And I thought I'd try to play it, now starvation'd come so near,
But my hands are old and useless, and no one cares to hear.

My hope had well nigh left me, and my strength was going too,
When this brave boy came to aid me, with his heart so kind and true,
I want to thank him once again, and I'd like to ask his name."
But while they talked the youth had fled—he had no wish for fame.

Then searched they high, and searched they low, and searched they all around,
But all in vain—he still remains unknown and unrenowned.
Yet in one heart the thought of him is ever warm and bright.
And constant prayers ascend to Heaven, to bless this modern knight.

*The incident narrated is a true one, and happened in New York City.

INCESSANT TOIL.

The folly of constant, unceasing work is never comprehended nor realized until serious damage to health brings the toiler to a standstill. Then, when too late, he begins to rest. Every man, woman or child, no matter how strong, how well fitted mentally and physically to withstand and combat fatigue, should not go on and on and crowd into each day the labor of two days. Take the average business man, how often does he treat himself to a vacation? Follow him up—at forty-five or fifty years of age he is old and broken down, or worse maybe, an inmate of an asylum for the insane, suffering from a malady known as paresis—a self-caused disease wholly preventable. The late brilliant Dr. Golding Bird, of London, furnished a noble example of the folly of overwork. He fully realized his mistake, and said to a professional friend one day: "You see me at a little over forty, in full practice, making my several thousand per annum. But I am to-day a wreck. I have a fatal disease of the heart, the result of anxiety and hard work. I cannot live many months, and my parting advice to you is this: Never mind at what loss, take your annual six weeks' holiday. It may delay your success, but it will insure its development. Otherwise you may find yourself at my age a prosperous practitioner, but a dying old man." Any worker may profitably take to heart this eminent doctor's advice.

THE WOOL-CARDER OF MEAUX.

Soon after the Reformation broke out in Germany, the doctrines by which it was sustained entered sunny France to find many adherents. The Lutheran opinions —which meant in the main a revival of the evangelical faith which had been the life of the Primitive Church—were mightily stimulated by the publication of the French translation of the New Testament in the year 1523. Jacobus Lefevre is with some justice regarded as the Tyndale of France; and he gave to the people that bread of life which had sustained his own soul. In the preface he openly accepted the Reformation doctrine of justification by faith in Christ as the sinner's only hope. Though he was at that time a very aged man, Lefevre was able to complete the translation of the entire Bible in 1530; and a high authority tells us, that the work "at once took a high place, has often been reprinted, and has, indeed, been the basis of all subsequent French versions." The effect of the circulation of the book was immediate. Stealthily, as it were, the copies found their way through the land, carried in this direction and in that by faithful men who understood the power of the Word. People read with the wonder of those who make a new discovery; the Scriptures went to their hearts with all the force and freshness of a new revelation.

One of the centres in which the doctrines were most gladly received was Meaux, a small manufacturing town, and the district became the seat of an evangelical church. For a time Briconnet, the bishop and the friend of the pious Queen Margaret, sister of King Francis I., was himself an earnest preacher of the Word. So great was the revival in all directions, that one might have supposed that the winter of superstition and formality was over, and that the springtide of a new era was opening. The people of Meaux were for the most part of the artisan class, the majority being employed in the wool trade. A chronicler of the sixteenth century says that, "In many was engendered so ardent a desire to know the way of salvation, that artisans, carders, spinners, and combers, employed themselves, while engaged in manual labor, in conversing on the Word of God, and deriving comfort from it. In particular, Sundays and festivals were employed in reading the Scriptures, and enquiring after the goodwill of the Lord."

Before the revival broke out in Meaux the wool-carder John Leclerc had been one of the most servile followers of the priests; but the evangelical light entered his household, his wife and two sons were converted, and John began to ask himself whether there was not something more in what might look like new doctrines than he had at first suspected. He was soon numbered among the band of believers. The Reformers grew more bold and sanguine day by day. What did they care for priests and monks when their hearts were fixed on the true rock of salvation?

The grace of God which he had received into his heart filled Leclerc with that zeal and courage which fitted him to become a leader of his humble associates; and thus he was soon recognized as the leader of the evangelical church in Meaux. The wool-carder's zeal in the new service carried him quite away; he knew nothing of the prudence which many friends of the evangelical faith would fain have seen him exercise. It was not enough to teach and exhort the disciples of Christ in the assembly; Leclerc visited the members of the church in their households, to confirm them in the faith and to urge them to remain steadfast. He knew nothing of nervous shrinking; he wrote out what he had to say and posted the paper on the gate of Meaux Cathedral. No such scene as that which followed had been witnessed in the city since it had become the seat of a bishop. The crowd which assembled at the gate was overcome with astonishment; the monks and priests were correspondingly enraged. It was bad enough when the arch-heretic of Wittenberg had attacked the pope in a similar way; but for a mere working man to assail the Church was past all bearing. The clamor of the Franciscans for Leclerc to be made a fitting example of was too great to be resisted. The offender was arrested and cast into prison.

A trial followed. The sentence on the wool-carder was that he should be beaten through the streets of Meaux for three days successively—beaten with rods. "Leclerc, with his hands tied and his back bare, was led through the streets, and the executioners let fall upon his body those blows which he had brought upon himself by attacking the bishop of Rome," says the historian. "An immense crowd followed the procession, the course of which might have been traced by the blood of the martyr." In the main, those who looked on and followed were probably in sympathy with the monks and priests, who seemed capable of any cruelty in support of their cause. Some cried out in rage against him; others, more compassionate, looked on in silence, or gave expression to their abhorrence of the scene. But there was one, however, who with unfaltering "eye and tongue" encouraged the confessor to bear and brave all for Christ's sake. The woman who showed this heroism and dependence upon God was the mother of Leclerc. Her gentle voice mingled with the savage cries of the bloodthirsty throng —"Blessed be Christ! and welcome be His prints and marks!" This she said when her son was branded as a heretic in the face with hot irons. Thus did this French-woman of the sixteenth century, as Merle d'Aubigne remarks, fulfil the commandment of the Son of God: "He that loveth his son more than Me is not worthy of Me."

"BLESSED BE CHRIST!" CRIED HIS MOTHER, "AND WELCOME BE HIS PRINTS AND MARKS!"

Such boldness, and at such a moment, merited signal punishment; but this Christian mother had appalled the hearts both of priests and soldiers. All their fury was controlled by a stronger arm than theirs. The crowd, respectfully making way, allowed the martyr's mother slowly to regain her dwelling. The monks, and even the town-sergeants, gazed on her without moving. "Not one of her enemies dared lay hands upon her," said Theodore Beza.

In Metz and about Lorraine, Leclerc still continued to instruct the ignorant, and to build up those who had accepted the faith. As he read the terrific denunciations of idolatry in Scripture, the burning words seemed to be spoken directly from heaven to himself, and he would not have been true to himself if he had failed to act according to his light.

In a Romish sense, Metz was a superstitious city, and the common people were almost wholly given up to idolatry. A short distance away in the suburbs there was a noted chapel, furnished with an image of the Virgin and certain "saints," and to which the priests with a great following periodically resorted. One of these festivals was about to take place, and the soul of the pious wool-carder was stirred within him when he thought of the poor people being thus led astray when they should be instructed in the things of Christ. What had the Lord himself spoken? "Thou shalt not bow down to their gods, nor serve them, nor do after their works; but thou shalt utterly overthrow them, and quite break down their images." Again the words seemed to be spoken to himself.

In the stillness of evening Leclerc went to the chapel, or to what was to him the house of idols, in and around which the already expectant people would crowd on the morrow. He was there alone, and for some time he remained looking upon the images, his heart becoming filled with indignation when he thought of the revival of paganism in the name of Christianity which these images represented. Then he arose, and seizing one of the "saints," hurled it down with all his force to the floor, and the fragments were scattered in front of the altar. Then he took hold of another and did likewise, until every one of the images resembled Dagon when the Philistines found him broken in pieces. The wool-carder returned to Metz; but there were those who saw the image-breaker enter the town.

On the following morning the old Lorraine city was all astir betimes; the bells rang merrily, and the people in their holiday clothes turned out into the streets to keep the festival of the "saints." A great crowd, preceded by the principal churchmen of the place, was seen moving towards the chapel in the suburbs. The old sixteenth century chronicler quaintly tells us what next happened. When the throng came "to the place of idolatry, to worship as was their wont, they found all their blocks and stocks almighty lie broken upon the ground; at the sight whereof they, being mightily offended in their minds, set all the city agog, to search out the author thereof, who was not hard to be found." Everybody knew that the wool-carder was no friend of images and the superstitious celebrations to which they gave rise, so that he was at once suspected and arrested.

Leclerc had no desire to conceal anything; he confessed all, at the same time taking the opportunity to confess Christ before his enemies as the one Saviour to be preferred before all saints and images. The outspoken boldness of the Christian mechanic only increased the rage of his enemies; and being taken before the judges he was at once condemned to be burned alive, all such frightful tortures being added as the inventive genius of inquisitors could think of. His arms were broken in several places; he was mutilated with red-hot pincers, and otherwise treated in a manner such as the deadly hatred of the powers of darkness alone could have inspired. What was the Divine support given to a martyr in such an hour of fiery trial? One thing appears to be certain, that it was greater than we are able to realize: for otherwise, how are we to account for a man's apparent peace of mind, and settled determination still to confess his Lord even in the fire? In a loud, clear voice, Leclerc said in the words of the Psalmist: "Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. They have mouths, but they speak not: eyes have they, but they see not. They have ears, but they hear not: noses have they, but they smell not. They have hands, but they handle not: neither speak they through their throat. They that make them are like unto them: so is everyone that trusteth in them. O Israel, trust thou in the Lord; he is their help and their shield."

The martyr was burned at a slow fire in order to increase his torments, but all that the cruelty of his murderers could devise seemed only to have the effect of increasing his triumph in his Lord and the everlasting gospel.

Thus lived and died the first martyr of the Reformation in France. The memory of Leclerc, the humble wool-carder, is still green in Metz and Lorraine.—*Sunday at Home.*

ASK AND RECEIVE.

I have a word of counsel to give those who have just entered Christian life, and that is, be faithful in prayer. You might as well, business man, start out in the morning without food and expect to be strong all day—you might as well abstain from food all the week and expect to be strong physically, as to be strong without prayer. The only way to get any strength into the soul is by prayer, and the only difference between that Christian who is worth everything and that who is worth nothing is the fact that the last does not pray and the other does. And the only difference between this Christian who is getting along very fast in the holy life, and this who is getting along only tolerably is that the first prays more than the last. You can graduate a man's progress in religion by the amount of prayer, not by the number of hours, perhaps, but by the earnest supplication that he puts up to God.

A minister comes into the pulpit. He has a magnificent sermon, all the sentences rounded according to the laws of rhetoric and fine sermonizing, and the truth makes no impression on the hearts of men. People go away and say: "Very beautiful, wasn't it?" A plain man comes into the pulpit. He has been on his knees before God, asking for an especial message that day, and the hearts of men open to the plain truth, the broken sentences strike into their consciences, and, though the people may disperse at the close of the services seemingly without having received any impression, that night voices will be lifted in some household: "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?" Oh, this power of prayer! Pray! Pray! —*Dr. Talmage.*

LICENSED.

Licensed—to make the strong man weak;
Licensed—to lay the wise man low;
Licensed—a wife's fond heart to break,
And cause the children's tears to flow.

Licensed—to do thy neighbor harm;
Licensed—to kindle hate and strife;
Licensed—to nerve the robber's arm;
Licensed—to whet the murderer's knife.

Licensed—where peace and quiet dwell
To bring disease, and want, and woe;
Licensed—to make the home a hell,
And fit men for a hell below.

A BAD DAY FOR MARKETING.

TIMOTHY'S QUEST.

SCENE I.

Number Three, Minerva Court. First floor front.

FLOSSY MORRISON LEARNS THE SECRET OF DEATH WITHOUT EVER HAVING LEARNED THE SECRET OF LIFE.

Minerva Court! Veil thy face, O Goddess of Wisdom, for never, surely, was thy fair name so ill-bestowed as when it was applied to this most dreary place!

It was a little less than street, a little more than alley, and its only possible claim to decency came from comparison with the busier thoroughfare out of which it opened. This was so much fouler, with its dirt and noise, its stands of refuse fruit and vegetables, its dingy shops and all the miserable traffic that the place engendered, its rickety doorways blocked with lounging men, its Blowsabellas leaning on the window-sills, that the Court seemed by contrast a most desirable and retired place of residence.

But it was a dismal spot, nevertheless, with not even an air of faded gentility to recommend it. It seemed to have no better days behind it, nor to hold within itself the possibility of any future improvement. It was narrow, and extended only the length of a city block, yet it was by no means wanting in many of those luxuries which mark this era of modern civilization. There were groceries, with commodious sample-rooms attached, at each corner, and a small saloon, called "The Dearest Spot" (which it undoubtedly was in more senses than one), in the basement of a house at the farther end. It was necessary, however, for the bibulous native who dwelt in the middle of the block to waste some valuable minutes in dragging himself to one of these fountains of bliss at either end; but at the time my story opens a wide-awake philanthropist was fitting up a neat and attractive little bar-room, called "The Oasis," at a point equally distant between the other two springs of human joy.

This benefactor of humanity had a vaulting ambition. He desired to slake the thirst of every man in Christendom; but this being impossible from the very nature of things, he determined to settle in some arid spot like Minerva Court, and irrigate it so sweetly and copiously that all men's noses would blossom as the roses. To supply his brother's wants, and create new ones at the same time, was his purpose in establishing this Oasis in the Desert of Minerva Court; and it might as well be stated here that he was prospered in his undertaking, as any man is sure to be who cherishes lofty ideas and attends to his business industriously.

The Minerva Courtier thus had good reason to hope that the supply of liquid refreshment would bear some relation to the demand; and that the march of modern progress would continue to diminish the distance between his own mouth and that of the bottle, which, as he took it, was the be-all and end-all of existence.

At present, however, as the Oasis was not opened to the public, children carrying pitchers of beer were often to be seen hurrying to and fro on their miserable errands. But there were very few children in Minerva Court, thank God!—they were not popular there. There were frowzy, sleepy-looking women hanging out of their windows, gossiping with their equally unkempt and haggard neighbors; apathetic men sitting on the doorsteps, in their shirt-sleeves, smoking; a dull, dirty baby or two sporting itself in the gutter; while the sound of a melancholy accordion (the chosen instrument of poverty and misery) floated from an upper chamber, and added its discordant mite to the general desolation.

The sidewalks had apparently never known the touch of a broom, and the middle of the street looked more like an elongated junk-heap than anything else. Every smell known to the nostrils of man was abroad in the air, and several were floating about waiting modestly to be classified, after which they intended to come to the front and outdo the others if they could.

That was Minerva Court!

A little piece of your world, my world, God's world (and the Devil's) lying peacefully fallow, awaiting the services of some inspired Home Missionary Society.

In the front room of Number Three, a dilapidated house next the corner, there lay a still, white shape, with two women watching by it.

A sheet covered it. Candles burned at the head, striving to throw a gleam of light on a dead face that for many a year had never been illumined from within by the brightness of self-forgetting love or kindly sympathy. If you had raised the sheet, you would have seen no happy smile as of a half-remembered, innocent childhood; the smile—is it of peaceful memory or serene anticipation?—that sometimes shines on the faces of the dead.

Such life-secrets as were exposed by Death, and written on that still countenance in characters that all might read, were painful ones. Flossy Morrison was d e a d. The name "Flossy" was a relic of what she termed her better days (Heaven save the mark!), for she had been called Mrs. Morrison of late years,—"Mrs. F. Morrison," who took "children to board, and no questions asked"—nor answered. She had lived forty-five years, as men reckon summers and winters; but she had never learned in all that time, to know her Mother, Nature, her Father, God, nor her brothers and sisters, the children of the world. She had lived friendless and unfriendly, keeping none of the ten commandments, nor yet the eleventh, which is the greatest of all; and now there was no human being to slip a flower into the still hand, to kiss the clay-cold lips at the remembrance of some sweet word that had fallen from them, or drop a tear and say, "I loved her!"

Apparently, the two watchers did not regard Flossy Morrison even in the light of "the dear remains," as they are sometimes called at country funerals. They were in the best of spirits (there was an abundance of beer), and their gruesome task would be over in a few hours; for it was nearly four o'clock in the morning, and the body was to be taken away at ten.

"I tell you one thing, Ettie, Flossy hasn't left any bother for her friends," remarked Mrs. Nancy Simmons, settling herself back in her rocking-chair. "As she didn't own anything but the clothes on her back, there won't be any quarrelling over the property!" and she chuckled at her delicate humor.

"No," answered her companion, who, whatever her sponsors in baptism had christened her, called herself Ethel Montmorency. "I s'pose the furniture, poor as it is, will pay the funeral expenses; and if she's got any debts, why, folks will have to whistle for their money, that's all."

"The only thing that worries me is the children," said Mrs. Simmons.

"You must be hard up for something to worry about, to take those young ones on your mind. They ain't yours nor mine, and what's more, nobody knows who they do belong to, and nobody cares. Soon as breakfast's over we'll pack 'em off to some institute or other, and that'll be the end of it. What did Flossy say about 'em, when you spoke to her yesterday?"

"I asked her what she wanted done with the young ones, and she said, 'Do what you like with 'em, drat 'em,—it don't make no odds to me!' and then she turned over and died. Those was the last words she spoke, dear soul; but, Lor', she wasn't more'n half sober, and hadn't been for a week."

"She was sober enough to keep her own counsel, I can tell you that," said the gentle Ethel. "I don't believe there's a living soul that knows where those children came from;—not that anybody cares, now that there ain't any money in 'em."

"Well, as for that, I only know that when Flossy was seeing better days and lived in the upper part of the city, she used to have money come every month for taking care of the boy. Where it come from I don't know; but I kind of surmise it was a long distance off. Then she took to drinking, and got lower and lower down until she came here, six months ago. I don't suppose the boy's folks, or whoever it was sent the money, knew the way she was living, though they couldn't have cared much, for they never came to see how things were; and he was in an asylum before Flossy took him, I found that out; but, anyhow, the money stopped coming three months ago. Flossy wrote twice to the folks, whoever they were, but didn't get no answer to her letters; and she told me that she should turn the boy out in a week or two if some cash didn't turn up in that time. She wouldn't have kept him so long as this if he hadn't been so handy taking care of the baby."

"Well, who does the baby belong to?"

"You ask me too much," replied Nancy, taking another deep draught from the pitcher. "Help yourself, Ettie; there's plenty more where that came from. Flossy never liked the boy, and always wanted to get rid of him, but couldn't afford to. He's a dreadful queer, old-fashioned little kid, and so smart that he's gettin' to be a reg'lar nuisance around the house. But you see he and the baby,—Gabrielle's her name, but they call her Lady Gay, or some such trash, after that actress that comes here so much,—well, they are so in love with one another that wild horses couldn't drag 'em apart; and I think Flossy had a kind of a likin' for Gay, as much as she ever had for anything. I guess she never abused either of 'em; she was too careless for that. And so—what was I talkin' about? Oh, yes. Well, I don't know who the baby is, nor who paid for her keep; but she's goin' to be one o' your high-steppers, and no mistake. She might be Queen Victory's daughter by the airs she puts on; I'd like to keep her myself if she was a little older, and I wasn't goin' away from here."

"I s'pose they'll make an awful row at being separated, won't they?" asked the younger woman.

"Oh, like as not; but they'll have to have their row and get over it," said Mrs. Simmons easily. "You can take Timothy to the Orphan Asylum first, and then come back, and I'll carry the baby to the Home of the Ladies' Relief and Protection Society; and if they yell they can yell, and take it out in yellin'; they won't get the best of Nancy Simmons."

"Don't talk so loud, Nancy, for mercy's sake. If the boy hears you, he'll begin to take on, and we shan't get a wink of sleep. Don't let 'em know what you're goin' to do with 'em till the last minute, or you'll have trouble as sure as we sit here."

"Oh, they are sound asleep," responded Mrs. Simmon, with an uneasy look at the half-open door. "I went in and dragged a pillow out from under Timothy's head, and he never budged. He was sleepin' like a log, and so was Gay. Now, shut up, Et, and let me get three winks myself. You take the lounge, and I'll stretch out on two chairs. Wake me up at eight o'clock, if I don't wake myself; for I'm clean tired out with all this fussin' and plannin', and I feel stupid enough to sleep till kingdom come."

(To be Continued.)

ONLY NOW AND THEN.

Think it no excuse, boys,
Merging into men,
That you do a wrong act
Only now and then.
Better to be careful,
As you go along,
If you would be manly,
Capable and strong.

When you have a habit
That is wrong, you know,
Knock it off at once, lads,
With a sudden blow.
Think it no excuse, boys,
Merging into men,
That you do a wrong act
Only now and then.

—*Band of Hope Review.*

THREE TREES.

The pine-tree grew in the wood,
  Tapering, straight, and high;
Stately and proud it stood,
  Black-green against the sky.
Crowded so close, it sought the blue,
And over upward it reached and grew.

The oak-tree stood in the field,
  Beneath it dozed the herds:
It gave to the mower a shield,
  It gave a home to the birds;
Sturdy and broad, it guarded the farms
With its brawny trunk and knotted arms.

The apple-tree grew by the wall,
  Ugly and crooked and black;
But it knew the gardener's call,
  And the children rode on its back.
It scattered its blossoms upon the air,
It covered the ground with fruitage fair.

"Now, hey," said the pine, "for the wood!
  Come, live with the forest band.
Our comrades will do you good,
  And tall and straight you will stand."
And he swung his boughs to a witching sound,
And he flung his cones like coins around.

"O ho!" laughed the sturdy oak:
  "The life of the field for me.
I weather the lightning-stroke;
  My branches are broad and free.
Grow straight and slim in the wood if you will,
Give me the sun and the wind-swept hill."

And the apple-tree murmured low:
  "I am neither straight nor strong:
Crooked my back doth grow
  With bearing my burdens long."
And it dropped its fruit as it dropped a tear,
And reddened the ground with fragrant cheer.

And the Lord of the harvest heard,
  And he said: "I have use for all.
For the bough that shelters a bird,
  For the beam that pillars a hall;
And grow they tall, or grow they ill,
They grow but to wait their Master's will,

So a ship of the oak was sent
  Far over the ocean blue,
And the pine was the mast that bent
  As over the waves it flew.
And the ruddy fruit of the apple-tree
Was borne to a starving isle of the sea.

Now the farmer grows like the oak,
  And the townsman is proud and tall,
And the city and field are full of folk—
  But the Lord has need of all.
And who will be like the apple-tree
That fed the starving over the sea?

—Charles H. Crandall, in St. Nicholas.

TIMOTHY'S QUEST.

SCENE II.

Number Three, Minerva Court. First floor back.

LITTLE TIMOTHY JESSUP ASSUMES PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITIES.

When the snores of the two watchers fell on the stillness of the death-chamber, with that cheerful regularity that betokens the sleep of the truly good, a little figure crept out of the bed in the adjoining room and closed the door noiselessly, but with trembling fingers; stealing then to the window to look out at the dirty street and the gray sky over which the first faint streaks of dawn were beginning to creep.

It was little Timothy Jessup (God alone knows whether he had any right to that special patronymic), but not the very same Tim Jessup who had kissed the baby Gay in her little crib, and gone to sleep on his own hard bed in that room, a few hours before. As he stood shivering at the window, one thin hand hard pressed upon his heart to still its beating, there was a light of sudden resolve in his eyes, a new-born look of anxiety on his unchildlike face.

"I will not have Gay protectioned and reliefed, and I will not be taken away from her and sent to a 'sylum, where I can never find her again!" and with these defiant words trembling, half spoken, on his lips, he glanced from the unconscious form in the crib to the terrible door, which might open at any moment and divide him from his heart's delight, his darling, his treasure, his only joy, his own, own baby Gay.

But what should he do? Run away: that was the only solution of the matter, and no very difficult one either. The cruel women were asleep; the awful Thing that had been Flossy would never speak again; and no one else in Minerva Court cared enough for them to pursue them very far or very long.

"And so," thought Timothy swiftly, "I will get things ready, take Gay, and steal softly out of the back door, and run away to the 'truly' country, where none of these bad people ever can find us, and where I *can get a mother for Gay; somebody* to 'dopt her and love her till I grow up a man and take her to live with me."

The moment this thought darted into Timothy's mind, it began to shape itself in definite action.

Gabrielle, or Lady Gay, as Flossy called her, in honor of her favorite stage heroine, had been tumbled into her crib half dressed the night before. The only vehicle kept for her use in the family stables was a clothes-basket, mounted on four wooden wheels and cushioned with a dingy shawl. A yard of clothes-line was tied on to one end, and in this humble conveyance the Princess would have to be transported from the Ogre's castle; for she was scarcely old enough to accompany the Prince on foot, even if he had dared to risk detection by waking her; so the clothes-basket must be her chariot, and Timothy her charioteer, as on many a less fateful expedition.

After he had changed his ragged night-gown for a shabby suit of clothes, he took Gay's one clean apron out of a rickety bureau drawer ("for I can never find a mother for her if she's too dirty," he thought), her Sunday hat from the same receptacle, and last of all a comb, and a faded Japanese parasol that stood in a corner. These he deposited under the old shawl that decorated the floor of the chariot. He next groped his way in the dim light toward a mantleshelf, and took down a savings-bank,—a florid little structure with "Bank of England" stamped over the miniature door, into which the jovial gentlemen who frequented the house often slipped pieces of silver for the children, and into which Flossy dipped only when she was in a state of temporary financial embarrassment. Timothy did not dare to jingle it; he could only hope that as Flossy had not been in her usual health of late (though in more than her usual "spirits"), she had not felt obliged to break the bank.

Now for provisions. There were plenty of "funeral baked meats" in the kitchen; and he hastily gathered a dozen cookies into a towel, and stowed them in the coach with the other sinews of war.

So far, well and good; but the worst was to come. With his heart beating in his bosom like a trip-hammer, and his eyes dilated with fear, he stepped to the door between the two rooms, and opened it softly. Two thundering snores, pitched in such different keys that they must have proceeded from two separate sets of nasal organs, reassured the boy. He looked out into the alley. "Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse." The Minerva Courtiers couldn't be owls and hawks too, and there was not even the ghost of a sound to be heard. Satisfied that all was well, Timothy went back to the bedroom, and lifted the battered clothes-basket, trucks and all, in his slender arms, carried it up the alley and down the street a little distance, and deposited it on the pavement beside a vacant lot. This done, he sped back to the house. "How beautifully they snore!" he thought, as he stood again on the threshold. "Shall I leave 'em a letter? . . . P'raps I better . . . and then they won't follow us and bring us back." So he scribbled a line on a bit of torn paper bag, and pinned it on the enemies' door.

"A kind Lady is goin to Adopt us it is a Grate ways off so do not Hunt good by. TIM."

Now all was ready. No; one thing more. Timothy had been met in the street by a pretty young girl a few weeks before. The love of God was smiling in her heart, the love of children shining in her eyes; and she led him, a willing captive, into a mission Sunday-school near by. And so much in earnest was the sweet little teacher, and so hungry for any sort of good tidings was the starved little pupil, that Timothy "got religion" then and there, as simply and naturally as a child takes its mother's milk. He was probably in a state of crass ignorance regarding the Thirty-nine Articles; but it was the "engrafted word," of which the Bible speaks, that had blossomed in Timothy's heart; the living seed had always been there, waiting for some beneficent fostering influence; for he was what dear Charles Lamb would have called a natural "kingdom-of-heavenite." Thinking, therefore, of Miss Dora's injunction to pray over all the extraordinary affairs of life and as many of the ordinary ones as possible, he hung his tattered straw hat on the bedpost, and knelt beside Gay's crib with this whispered prayer:—

"Our Father who art in heaven, please help me to find a mother for Gay, one that she can call Mamma, and another one for me, if there's enough, but not unless. Please excuse me for taking away the clothes-basket, which does not exactly belong to us; but if I do not take it, dear heavenly Father, how will I get Gay to the railway? And if I don't take the Japanese umbrella she will get freckled, and nobody will adopt her. No more at present, as I am in a great hurry. Amen."

He put on his hat, stooped over the sleeping baby, and took her in his faithful arms,—arms that had never failed her yet. She half opened her eyes, and seeing that she was safe on her beloved Timothy's shoulder, clasped her dimpled arms tight about his neck, and with a long sigh drifted off again into the land of dreams. Bending beneath her weight, he stepped for the last time across the threshold, not even daring to close the door behind him.

Up the alley and round the corner he sped, as fast as his trembling legs could carry him. Just as he was within sight of the goal of his ambition, that is, the chariot aforesaid, he fancied he heard the sound of hurrying feet behind him. To his fevered imagination the tread was like that of an avenging army on the track of the foe. He did not dare to look behind. On! for the clothes-basket and liberty! He would relinquish the Japanese umbrella, the cookies, the comb, and the apron,—all the booty, in fact,—as an inducement for the enemy to retreat, but he would never give up the prisoner.

On the feet hurried, faster and faster. He stooped to put Gay in the basket, and turned in despair to meet his pursuers, when a little, grimy, rough-coated, lop-eared, split-tailed thing, like an animated rag-bag, leaped upon his knees; whimpering with joy, and imploring, with every grace that his simple doggish heart could suggest, to be one of the eloping party.

Rags had followed them!

Timothy was so glad to find it no worse that he wasted a moment in embracing the dog, whose delirious joy at the prospect of this probably dinnerless and supperless expedition was ludicrously exaggerated. Then he took up the rope and trundled the chariot gently down a side street leading to the station.

Everything worked to a charm. They met only an occasional milk (and water) man, starting on his matutinal rounds, for it was now after four o'clock, and one or two cavaliers of uncertain gait, just returning to their homes, several hours too late for their own good; but these gentlemen were in no condition of mind to be over-interested, and the little fugitives were troubled with no questions as to their intentions.

And so they went out into the world together, these three: Timothy Jessup (if it was Jessup), brave little knight, nameless nobleman, tracing his descent back to God, the Father of us all, and bearing the Divine likeness more than most of us; the little Lady Gay,—somebody—nobody—anybody,—from nobody knows where,—destination equally uncertain; and Rags, of pedigree most doubtful, scutcheon quite obscured by blots, but a perfect gentleman, true-hearted and loyal to the core,—in fact, an angel in fur. These three, with the clothes-basket as personal property and the Bank of England as security, went out to seek their fortune; and, unlike Lot's wife, without daring to look behind, shook the dust of Minerva Court from off their feet forever and forever.

(To be Continued.)

A GREAT GENERAL.

Caius Marius, the great general, was once in a camp when a man of repute among the enemy came over to him and said, "If you are indeed a great general, Marius, leave your camp and fight a battle."

Marius was not to be persuaded at that moment, so he answered the man with a taunt that was decidedly expressive.

"Not so," he replied; "but if you are a great general you can make me do so."

HARD TO BE BAD.

My son, you say it is so hard to be good? You say it is easier to break all of the Ten Commandments than it is to keep one of them. Well, you mistake. It isn't hard *to be good. It's hard to be bad.* Ah! yes, my boy, it's hard to be bad. Not right at the time? oh, no! The wine is sparkling, the songs are stirring, the stories are brimming with humor and the air is full of laughter. You are just as bad, as you know how to be, and it is lots of fun to be bad, and you never want to be good—oh, *yes, it seems to be very easy and delightful* to be bad at night. But the next morning, my boy? Where is the difficulty then? Who feels serious in the morning? Whose head can't be covered with a tub? Who is afraid and ashamed to go out on the street and meet people? Who doesn't want to see anybody? Who wants to hide? Who wonders where he was last night, and whom he met, and who saw him, and what he said, and where he went, and how he did? Not the boy who went to the sociable and ate cast-iron pound cake, and washed it down with faded lemonade. Not the young man who passed the evening in the company of the good doody at the debating society. Ah, no. He didn't hear the rollicking songs that you heard, my boy, and he didn't hear the racy stories that "broke you all up." But he is feeling much better than you are this morning. He finds it easy to be good, very easy indeed. But to be bad, to have the headache, to have a sour, rebellious stomach, to have uncertain eyes, to have a treacherous memory, to have a sense of shame, to have a dread of sunshine, and a horror of daylight, to have a set of quivering nerves and a faltering speech, to have a raging thirst that water cannot appease and a gnawing hunger that loathes food, to have a dread of meeting your mother, my boy, and a fear of seeing your sister, and a shame of speaking to your good old father, this is hard, my son. This is being bad. And look me in the eye, Telemachus, look me in the eye, honestly now, honor bright, do you think it is easier than being "good"? My dear boy, you may call your good friend *a milk-sop and a "mammy boy," if you* will, and you may in your better moments sometimes say you would like to be good, but it is so hard, but just weigh the good and the bad, weigh them honestly, and tell me honestly which is the harder, to be good or to be bad. Ah, my boy, it is easier to be good. "The way of the transgressor is *hard."—Robert J. Burdette.*

SOME INDIAN DAMES.

The wives of some of the Indian braves have names as odd and often as funny as their husbands. They seem to have names *of their own, too, and not to take the* names of their husbands only. Some of the actual names given in a census of the families of the scouts at Fort Supply includes Mrs. Short Nose, who was, before her marriage, Miss Piping Woman; Mrs. Big Head, formerly Miss Short Face; Mrs. Nibbs, formerly Miss Young Bear; Mrs. *White Crow, formerly Miss Crook Pipe;* Mrs. Howling Water, formerly Miss Crow Woman; also Mrs. White Skunk, Mrs. Sweet Water, Miss Walk High, daughter of Mr. White Calf, and Miss Osage, daughter of Mr. Hard Case.—*Harper's Young People.*

LITTLE FOLKS AT PLAY

Children who drill
  Seldom are ill,
For sinking, tiptoeing, and right and left going,
And shouting and clapping, and measured tapping,
  Strengthen their limbs,
  Drive away whims,
Make faces shine brightly, make spines grow uprightly;
  So, I suppose,
  Illness all goes.

Children who learn
  Bodies to turn,
And bodies to bend low, and noddles to send low,
And elbows to fetch out, and fingers to stretch out,
  Seldom look pale,
  Delicate, frail,
And seldom are sulky, and seldom too bulky.
And seldom are spiteful but always delightful.
  So, then, we will
  Beg leave to drill.

WHAT IF!

BY JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

"You will take the class I spoke of, won't you, Mrs. Elson?" asked the Sabbath-school superintendent anxiously. "The young men are nearly all Christians," he added, "and that makes it easier."

"Easier!" Mrs. Elson did not think so. Different, it might be, but not easier, for the cultivation of Christian graces and the training for service would involve work as arduous perhaps as it was important. Yet the opportunity presented itself that instant before the hesitating lady with such force that she could hesitate no longer and her decision was made.

"I will try," she said simply, and with a look of mingled relief and gratitude Mr. Barnes went his way.

It soon became a great joy to Mrs. Elson to teach that class of bright youths; but there was one drawback: two or three were not Christians; and how to adapt the teaching to those on opposite sides of the dividing line became the puzzling question. A little irksome it was too; she disliked to confront it.

Howard Gresham interested her peculiarly. She felt a keen sense of responsibility about him, as if she ought to help him, and yet she did not believe that she could. It was a very uncomfortable situation.

Howard was a handsome fellow, with merry, half-mocking ways, perfectly courteous, yet with an air of challenging everything and a manner that seemed to resent all approach and influence. Why he came to the class at all was a puzzle even to himself, for in his strictly moral home there was no special urgency in the direction of spiritual things. In reality it was early good habit that held him still in the old grooves in his present state of eager questioning, while the restless spirit was feeling after new ways, uncertain which to venture on.

The youth was a natural actor, and his comical and not always reverent impersonations in the class were often distracting.

"I never can reach him," sighed his teacher after some months of acquaintance and interest. She felt strangely reluctant to speak a personal word to this scholar, and yet she was as strongly pressed to do it.

One Sabbath, after Howard's behavior in class had appeared a little singular, Mrs. Elson's sense of responsibility about him became fairly oppressive. Anxiety and unbelief together make a heavy burden on the heart, and just this load weighed upon Mrs. Elson all through Monday.

"Write him a little note." The suggestion came suddenly.

"It would do more harm than good, no doubt," suggested Unbelief.

"It is your duty, and you are only responsible for that," spoke Conscience.

"I could never argue with the boy nor say anything that would move him," pleaded Faint-heart excusingly.

"No need to try," asserted Good Sense; "show your loving interest instead."

"Perhaps I will some time." But this irresolute word was not a promise.

"Do it now," urged "a still small voice" within, speaking with authority.

So the debate went on.

"Any mail for me?" asked Howard Gresham at the post-office that Monday noon on his way to business. The letter handed to him seemed to quicken his whole being. Usually he went to what he was pleased to call his "intolerable task" with lagging step. His work was not to his taste, and this seemed to the young fellow, in the arrogancy of his self-assertion, a crime unpardonable. To be sure he could only charge it vaguely upon "circumstances," but at all events he felt abused; a most unreasoning but not unnatural feeling in a young, impetuous heart.

But now Howard hastened on with buoyant step. "A chance at last!" he said under his breath, as if he had been waiting ages for an opportunity. That night he packed his trunk in silent haste. He would "take himself off" Tuesday night, he said to himself. No need to recount the combination of circumstances that went before that letter and brought, through a chance acquaintance and a passing opportunity to air his little special gift, the offer to Howard of a subordinate place in the ranks of a theatrical company now in a distant city.

To his excited fancy the opening was wonderful. Through it he looked out upon the trodden ways of fame and fortune. He had "led this hum-drum existence long enough," he told himself, and "it was time he saw life." He dared not ask permission, which was certain to be denied, and as he was under age he must go secretly if at all. He would do this, and soon, when there was something worth telling, he would send word home, and "that was all there was about it." Oh was it all? Full of his own clamorous desires, the boy thought more of the going than of the leaving, and took small account of the pain he was planning to give to the hearts that loved him as their only son. When conscience tried to speak it was promptly silenced.

Tuesday evening after tea Howard went to his room, intending, if possible, to get away that night. Strange that for fancied grievances he should ignore all that was heartsome and pleasant in his home-life. But many another has been as foolish.

A letter lay on the boy's table. His father had brought it from the office on his way home. His mother, going up stairs, left it on Howard's table, and supposing it to be an invitation or some trifling message, for it was a drop-letter, she straightway forgot all about it. The unfamiliar handwriting won first a curious gaze, then a passing interest; but as the reader finished the note his face grew serious. It was from his teacher; only a message of affectionate interest, expressing the longing of her heart for this blithe young heart which she coveted "for the Master's use"—not a sermon, scarcely a plea, but an earnest word, spoken with perfect naturalness, in obedience to the heavenly prompting, though in truth with a faltering faith. "It is better to err in the path of duty than out of it," and one can be sincere and obedient, if not expectant.

"How can she care so much!" exclaimed the young man, deeply moved. Strangely enough, it was the first direct personal word he had received since childhood.

He sprang up to finish his packing, but could not go on. Between him and the step he meditated lay that letter—such a little thing, yet a barrier that he could not pass. He felt in his inmost soul that to take the course proposed would probably fix a gulf which he might never cross between him and the Christian life. He began to feel unwilling to take the risk.

"I cannot go now," he exclaimed mentally at last, taking up the letter; "this will not let me. I never thought any one could care so much." It was the manifestation of interest that touched him first of all.

Presently the boy went out and walked about restlessly. He did not know what was the matter with him, but he could not go away as he had determined to do that very night. Ah, he did not know how fast they hold, the "gold chains of prayer" which an earnest heart may fasten to the throne of God! No need to "make up" stories of "wonderful answers;" life counts realities like this one over and over.

The next day two notes went out from Howard's hand, one of them, saying briefly to his "chance acquaintance," "I can't come at present," gave further vantage-ground to the truth, in that opportunity was not at once cut off. The other, to his teacher, short though it was, encouraged her to make such efforts as she had never made for a soul before. Strange how a little sight seems to aid faith, even more than the promises often. But God "remembers that we are dust."

It was a long time before Howard Gresham came into the light and openly confessed his Saviour. But He who sent the "preventing mercy" at the critical moment loved and led him to the end.

Long, long afterwards, when his earnest Christian activity had become a great joy to his teacher's heart, he told her in a confidential moment how her message had met him at the very point where two ways met and had hindered the dangerous choice. The deepest humility mingled with her awed gratitude at the recital. What if she had not written just then when prompted? What if she had delayed a single mail? No one can answer such questions; but truly the only safe course is to obey at once each divine call and leave results with God.—*American Messenger.*

LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

"A lesson in geography,
With all the States to bound!"
My boys grew sober in a trice,
And shook their heads and frowned;
And this was in the nursery.
Where only smiles are found.

Then suddenly up jumped Boy Blue—
Youngest of all is he—
And stood erect beside my chair;
"Mamma," he said, "bound me!"
And all the other lads looked up
With faces full of glee.

I gravely touched his curly head;
"North, by a little pate
That's 'mixed' in 'mental 'rithmetic,'
And can't get fractions straight;
That never knows what time it is,
Nor where are books and slate.

"South, by two feet—two restless feet—
That never tire of play,
But never fail to gladly run
(Even on a holiday)
On others' errands willingly
In most obliging way.

"East, by a pocket stuffed and crammed
With, oh, so many things!
With tops and toys and bits of wood,
And pennies, knives and strings;
And by a little fist that lacks
The glow that water brings.

"West, by the same, and well explored
The pocket by the fist;
The capital, two rosy lips
All ready to be kissed,
And, darling, now I've bounded you,
The class may be dismissed."

MR. MOODY ON WINE.

Mr. D. L. Moody, in addressing the noon-day prayer-meeting recently, in the Christian Institute, Glasgow, referred to the miracle performed by Christ at Cana of Galilee in turning water into wine. He said some people had a difficulty about this subject in regard to what kind of wine Christ made. They were somewhat afraid to deal with the difficulty, but he was quite certain Christ never made alcoholic wine. He never made alcohol in nature. It was only when men took the good grain and destroyed it that alcohol was produced. Mr. Moody said he was in Jerusalem lately, and he asked a Jewish Rabbi there what kind of wine they used at their feasts. The Rabbi replied: We use the pure juice of the grape; we do not use leaven in our bread, and of course we would have nothing to do with alcohol in our wine. When the pure juice of the grape could not be got they poured hot water on the raisins and drank it. Those people in this country who have some scruples about the use of unfermented wine at the communion need have no difficulty in this matter, as it is quite clear Christ never made or used alcoholic wine. Mr. Moody remarked that he just gave utterance to these statements to show he still held sound views on the temperance question. He was glad to say he was a teetotaler.—*League Journal.*

I HAVE LEARNED to seek my happiness by limiting my desires, rather than in attempting to satisfy them.—*John Stuart Mill.*

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States where International money orders cannot be procured can remit by money order, payable at Rouses Point Post Office, N. Y. State, or secure an American Express Co. order, payable at Montreal.

NEW CLUB RATES.

The following are the NEW CLUB RATES for the MESSENGER, which are considerably reduced:

1 copy				$ 0 30
10 copies to one address				2 25
20	"	"	"	4 40
50	"	"	"	10 50
100	"	"	"	20 00

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE ATTENTION OF SUBSCRIBERS is earnestly called to the instructions given in every paper that all business letters for the *Messenger* should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and not to any personal address. Attention to this will save much trouble and will reduce the chances of delay or irregularity.

GIRLS vs. BOYS.

A PEN AND INK TOURNAMENT.

WHO WILL ENTER THE LIST?

A $10 PRIZE.

BOYS AND GIRLS. 30 Cents.

To the writer of the best poem of between twelve and twenty-four lines on The Merits of the *Northern Messenger* as a Young People's Paper, the publishers will give a prize of $10; or, if the winner should choose, the right to order 50 copies of the *Northern Messenger* to be sent free of charge to any 50 new addresses, or in bulk (in the case of a Sunday or day school) to one new address anywhere on the continent that mails can reach.

Only boys and girls under sixteen years of age who subscribe to or receive the *Northern Messenger* through their Sunday Schools may compete for this prize.

All poems must be received on or before Feb. 1st, 1893, and no notice will be taken of anything received after that date.

Each poem must be written on one side of a sheet of foolscap bearing in the right hand upper corner the initials of the writer. The full name and address to be on separate paper, to which must be attached the form at the foot of this announcement, properly filled out and signed by either your pastor or teacher.

The judges will award the prize on or before the 1st of March, 1893.

The publishers will not return any manuscript and may use any that are meritorious.

This is a good opportunity for you to earn in a pleasant way a little pocket money or to present 50 of your friends or your Sunday-school with good literature.

GIRLS, will it be a boy that will win the prize? No? What think the boys about it? We'll see.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers,
Montreal, P.Q.

FORM TO BE FILLED OUT.

I believe that.....

.....

is under 16 years of age and has written without aid the poem herewith entitled.....

.....

(Signed)

.....

Say whether pastor or teacher.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

12 ELEGANT CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS of various sizes, Shapes and Designs with appropriate Mottoes and Verses, comprising Silk Fringed, Frosted, Gold Edge, &c., (worth at least $1.00.) Sent post-paid to any address for only 30 cents. Five Rich Silk Fringed, 35 cents. 25 lovely Golden Xmas and New Year Cards for Children. No two alike, 10 cents. Canada and U.S. postages taken as cash. Address STAR CARD CO., Knowlton, P.Q.

USE **BABY'S OWN** SOAP

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published *every fortnight* at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James st., Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal. All business communications should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and all letters to the Editor should be addressed "Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'"

"WHO KNOWS THE THOUGHTS OF A CHILD?"

Who has not seen just this look on some baby face, the questioning, intent, wondering gaze at something it sees for the first time? And who that sees this look does not long to snatch the child to his breast and love away that serious look and kiss the smile back again? Yet the serious baby face is not always the sad one. It has a charm all its own for which the brightest smile would be no fair exchange.

"Who knows the thoughts of a child?"

But the answer comes quickly, might we not know them better than we do? How many joyless little ones have we made happier because of that homeless babe in Bethlehem? Do we always take care to bring ourselves as much in sympathy with the children around us as we might? That heavenly babe brought down untold blessings to these little ones. Are we, by our carelessness and selfishness, keeping their birthright back from any of them? Are we always mindful of our Saviour's injunction against offending one of these little ones.

Do we often enough pause to think how much the children are to us. How many men and women saddened and prematurely aged by long years of toil have their faces brightened and their hearts lightened by contact with one of them. Looking down into one of these sweet, innocent faces our hearts expand and grow more generous, we are drawn out of ourselves and nearer to God. Thank God for the little ones, and may we, through this year to come, know more and more that if we would grow like to Jesus we must grow in very deed like little children, as pure in heart as they before they become tarnished by contact with the sin of their elders; as absolutely as they trust in us so must we trust in God.

"WHO KNOWS THE THOUGHTS OF A CHILD?"

SIMPLE BUT NOT GENEROUS.

BY F. E. H. RAYMOND.

If the scriptures can guide our living can they not as easily and wisely rule our giving? Why is not the Bible's simple plan of benefaction the best? Charity is to-day the same duty it has ever been.

Certainly, it would do away with yards and yards of "red tape," and years of useless toil. I know one family who follow it, and the system works as admirably with them in this "progressive" century as it did with those other children of God for whom it was originally conceived.

In this home of which I speak, on a closet shelf there is placed a small casket, marked in plain, honest script, "The Lord's Box."

Whatever income this household receives, is always "tithed," and first of all, the Lord has his portion. I wondered how, knowing my friend's circumstances to be far from affluent, this could always be maintained.

"Why," said the house-mother, "we never think it is ours, any more than we should feel a right to our neighbor's purse. Begrudge it? we only wish the tenth was larger. It is grown into a habit. If anything comes to us, the reckoning is almost simultaneous with the receipt. If it is a hundred dollars we never think of it as more than ninety; the other ten we have naught to do with except to spend it wisely.

"There we do often feel perplexed. We are anxious to do with it just what he who owns it would have us, and sometimes, I fear, we make mistakes, but our intention is, in some way or other, to give it directly to the poor.

"I know some of the societies, of which our town has its quota, consider us niggardly and uncharitable, and am truly sorry for it. But what are we to do? Their objects do not always commend themselves to our judgment as true 'charity,' and so I dare not appropriate the Lord's money to them. Of our own, you see, we have little to spare."

"And when you come into close places yourself, needing money badly, and there happens to be some in the 'Box,' don't you ever feel tempted to borrow, and replace it later?"

The color flashed into my friend's cheek, as she replied, "Never! the Evil One finds plenty of corners to creep in and hide, but he hasn't found that one yet!"

I was half ashamed at my question, yet I knew her well, and I wanted to test the practical actual fact by every suggestion of a fault in the system. She went on brightly:—

"And now I want to tell you a curious thing. My own purse is, normally, empty; that little 'Box' rarely is. Not long ago I had occasion to use all that was in it, for a purpose we could not doubt would be approved of God. It made us feel wretchedly poor! Not having anything 'on hand' ourselves, was no matter, that condition being chronic; but to have not a penny in the Lord's purse, that was strange and sad! We began to question if we had done right to quite empty it. Well, within twenty-four hours, I received money from an unlooked for source, and when the tenth had been put in its place, we all felt relieved indeed. It would have been a trial, had a need arisen to draw upon that blessed fund, and nothing there."

"It seems a very simple and a very generous plan. I only fear few follow it."

"The more pity, then; but don't mistake. It is not generous, it is only just payment of just debt. When we aim to be generous we give out of our own nine-tenths. Can't I make you understand that we have never considered this small portion ours? It is God's, from the beginning absolutely; and how could one be liberal with what is another's? But you are right to call it simple, and, oh, so saving of worry and self-reproach! Simplicity, in faith, in alms, in daily life, how good and restful it is! Why can't more men and women practise it?"—*Christian at Work.*

IT LASTS.

The peculiarity of Christianity is the strong personal tie of real love and intimacy which will bind men to the end of time to this man who died nineteen hundred years ago. We look back into the waste of antiquity, the mighty names rise there that we might reverence, the great teachers from whom we have learned, and to whom, after a fashion, we are grateful. But what a gulf there is between us and the best and noblest of them. But here is a dead man who to-day is the object of passionate attachment and a love deeper than life to millions of people, and will be to the end of time. There is nothing in the whole history of the world the least like that strange bond which ties you and me to Christ, and the paradox of the apostle remains a unique fact in the experience of humanity: "Jesus Christ, whom, having not seen, ye love." We stretch our hands across the waste, silent centuries, and there, amid the mist of oblivion, thickening round all other figures in the past, we touch the warm, throbbing heart of our friend, who lives forever, and forever is near us. We here, nearly two millenniums after the words fell on the nightly air on the road to Gethsemane, have them coming direct to our hearts. A perpetual bond unites men with Christ to-day; and for us, as truly as in that long past Paschal night, it is true; "Ye are my friends."

There are no limitations in that friendship, no misconstruction in that heart, no alienation possible, no change to be feared. Why should I be solitary if Jesus Christ is my friend? Why should I fear if he walks by my side? Why should anything be burdensome if he lays it upon me and helps me to bear it? What is there in life that cannot be faced and borne—aye, and conquered—if we have him, as we all may have him, for the friend and the home of our hearts.—*Dr. Maclaren.*

ITS TRUE FUNCTION.

Our Bible teacher says the following on a very important subject: "The time has fully come when the Sunday school should cease to be thought of simply as a nursery for children. It has a higher function to fulfill, a broader service to render. Its true office is that of the Bible school of the church. Into this Bible school the entire church should be gathered. The idea that children must be instructed in the Bible and adults excused is a preposterous one. How such a heresy ever came to be so deeply rooted is difficult to comprehend."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

JUSTICE WITH CHILDREN.

A friend that I was visiting had a bright boy of six years, with a loving disposition, always willing to help every one, but apparently the most mischievous of children. His mother was in despair. She confided her trouble to me, and I resolved to watch him, and see if I could not find out the reason he had won such a name as "Little Mischief."

The next morning at the table, my friend remarked that the weather was so beautiful that she must remove her plants from the sunny window they occupied to the veranda; but she added, "I do dread to do it, it is so tedious, and it tires me so."

I noticed how the little eyes sparkled, and knew as well as if he had told me that the little fellow had heard what she said, and would try to do the much dreaded job for her. Not long after she ran over to Mrs. A.'s, and no sooner did the gate shut than Harry was active. The flower stand was already in the accustomed place, waiting for the plants. One by one, carefully he lifted the heavy pots, and, without breaking a leaf, transferred them to their summer quarters. Sometimes he paused a moment to rest, then went bravely to work again. His face was a picture of happiness. He was helping his mamma.

I watched, and wondered if this would also be laid to his mischievous propensities. My friend was gone rather longer than she expected, for, as she told me afterwards, Mrs. A. had a love of a bonnet that she must see, as well as several costly additions to her parlor furniture. Ah! there lay the secret of her discontented looks, for she had told me that owing to several losses she would not be able to expend much money on her summer outfit. As she came in the gate, her face passed through all the phases of surprise, dismay, and finally anger.

"Harry, come here this instant! What have you been doing? How dare you touch my plants?"

Stinging blows fell on the hands that had toiled so thanklessly.

"You are always into some mischief!" she exclaimed.

I watched the child; he was heart-broken. His bosom heaved, and his sobs were pitiful.

"Go to your room and stay the rest of the morning." He obeyed.

"There! what did I tell you? How can I manage such a boy?"

"By simply understanding him," I replied.

"What do you mean?"

"This; your little boy wanted to help you; I read it in his face. His motives were the best. You said it tired you so, and he generously did the disagreeable task for you."

"But if he had dropped one?"

"He did not, and if he had, a broken plant is better than a broken heart. I tell you candidly, if you do not act differently with that boy, he is ruined." They were harsh words but I knew the mother heart would in time forgive them.

"What can I do?"

"Put yourself in his place. Find out his motive, if you can, and believe me, ten times out of twelve, what passes for mischief is only a wish to lighten your burdens; a desire of the loving heart to help you."

She went with me to the veranda. We rearranged the plants, and I called her attention to the heavy pots, and then to the little aching arms and back, and after she had acknowledged she was glad they were moved, I begged her to tell her little boy the same."

"What! acknowledge that I did wrong to punish him? I would lose all control over him if I did that."

"Try this time, and see," I urged. And she did. When she entered Harry's room he sat in a chair by the window, quietly watching the floating clouds. Still smarting from a sense of injustice, he did not look around, or smile.

"Harry, come here." He obeyed. "Why did you move the plants? Tell me the exact truth."

He looked up to her face, and reading encouragement there, he simply said: "Because you said it tired you so. I am most a man now. I can help you lots. I did not break one, not one, Mamma, and they were heavy. Are you glad now I did it, Mamma?"

"Yes, yes, Harry, and I was cross and hurt your hand. I am sorry."

"Oh, it does not hurt any more now. Next time, I'll wait till you tell me."

They came back together, and I saw by the looks of my friend that she had learned a lesson not soon to be forgotten. That was six years ago. They called while passing through our town this winter, and a more gentlemanly, helpful boy, would be hard to find. She said: "I have you to thank. From the day of the much-needed lesson, I watched, and looked into the motives of my child, and always found that the so-called mischief arose from a desire to be useful. I soon got acquainted with my boy and had no more trouble with him. He is now my greatest comfort."—*Dudley Dorn, in Housekeeper.*

WASTE OF NERVOUS FORCE.

The needless waste of nervous force, of which both men and women are guilty in the ordinary movements of daily life, is illustrated as follows in a little volume called "Power Through Repose," by Annie Payson Call:

Do you hold yourself on the chair or does the chair hold you? When you are subject to the laws of gravitation give up to them and feel their strength. Do not resist these laws, as a thousand and one of us do, when, instead of yielding gently and letting ourselves sink into a chair, we put our bodies rigidly on and then hold them there as if fearing the chair would break if we gave our full weight to it. It is not only unnatural and unrestful, but most awkward. So in a railway car. Much, indeed most, of the fatigue from a long journey by rail is quite unnecessary, and comes from an unconscious officious effort of trying to carry the train, instead of allowing the train to carry us, or of resisting the motion, instead of relaxing and yielding to it. There is a pleasant rhythm in the motion of the rapidly moving cars which is often restful rather than fatiguing, if we only let go and abandon ourselves to it.

The same law is illustrated in driving. "I cannot drive, it tires me so," is a common complaint. Why does it tire you? Because, instead of yielding entirely and freely to the seat of the carriage first and then to its motion, you try to help the horses or to hold yourself still while the carriage is moving. A man should become one with a carriage in driving as much as one with his horse in riding. Notice the condition in any place where there is excuse for some anxiety—while going rather sharply around a corner or nearing a railway track. If your feet are not pressed forcibly against the floor of the carriage, the tension will be somewhere else. You are using nervous force to no earthly purpose and to great earthly loss. Where any tension is necessary to make things better, it will assert itself naturally and more truly as we learn to drop all useless and harmful tension. Take a patient suffering from nervous prostration for a long drive, and you will bring him back more nervously prostrated; even the fresh air will not counteract the strain that comes from not knowing how to relax to the motion of the carriage.

A large amount of nervous energy is expended unnecessarily while waiting. If we are obliged to wait for any length of time, it does not hurry the minutes or bring that for which we wait to keep nervously strained with impatience, and it does use vital force and so helps greatly toward Americanitis." The strain which comes from an hour's nervous waiting, when simply to let yourself alone and keep still would answer much better, is often equal to a day's labor. It must be left to individuals to discover how this applies in their own special cases, and it will be surprising to see not only how great and how common such strain is, but how comparatively easy it is to drop it. There are, of course, exceptional times and states when only constant trying and thoughtful watchfulness will bring any marked result.

We have taken a few examples where there is nothing to do but keep quiet, body and brain, from what should be the absolute rest of sleep to the enforced rest of waiting. Just one word more in connection with waiting and driving. You must catch a certain train. Not having time to trust to your legs or the cars, you hastily take a cab. You will, in your anxiety, keep up exactly the same strain that you would have had in walking—as if you could help the carriage along or as if reaching the station in time depended upon your breaking a rigid spine and tense muscles. You have hired the carriage to take you, and any activity on your part is quite unnecessary until you reach the station; why not keep quiet and let the horses do the work and the driver attend to his business?

It would be easy to fill a small volume with examples of the way in which we are walking directly into nervous prostration—examples only of this one variety of disobedience, namely of the laws of rest.

THE GLUE-POT.

We never, as a family, understood the merits of a glue-pot until at Christmas-time we assisted Santa Claus to make poor children happy. It has since been regarded as indispensable.

Our five-year-old ran to me not long ago crying, "O mamma, put on the glue-pot quick!"

"What for, my dear?"

"Oh, I've cut my finger awful."

He was surprised to find that glue would not repair his finger; it was the first time it had disappointed him.

We have used it to repair all kinds of toys, from the rubber ball to "Noah's ark." It has stuck fast the refractory legs of chairs; ornaments that have been knocked from the furniture have been replaced; books whose bindings had given way have been repaired; and last but not least, we discovered that shoes could be made to last double as long by its use.

I do not think that this last use for glue is generally known. Having a pair of shoes that were breaking loose from the sole and had a hole in the toe, I experimented upon them. Cutting a neat top for the toe out of an old shoe-top, I stuck it fast over the hole, and put one on the other also to make it correspond; I then glued the uppers to the sole where the stitches were broken, and cutting a half sole out of boot leather, stuck it fast to the bottom to protect the rest of the stitches. A coat of blacking now made them look quite respectable.

I have worn them at home for two months since they were mended; they look as well as ever, and the patching is still tight.

We have also repaired the children's shoes in like manner. The restless little feet loosen the patches sooner than a grown person, but it is only a moment's work to stick them fast again.

Our little boy gravely told his father the other day that he would never have to buy him any more shoes, for as fast as one patch wore out, mamma put another on, so he thought he could wear those shoes till he was grown.

It certainly has been the means of keeping shoes on him more than double the length of time that he usually wears a pair.

Some who are so fortunate as not to need to economize, may be inclined to smile at glue-mended shoes, but those who always have just a few more demands for dollars than they have dollars to supply the demands, may be glad to find a new way to economize.

Let every housekeeper get a little glue and start a glue-pot. It will save many a dollar.—*H. E. Bartlett, in Household.*

THE GOLDEN CASKET.

There is a pretty story that comes to us from the Germans. It is this: A father, when his daughter became a bride, gave her a golden casket, with the injunction not to pass it into other hands, for it held a charm which, in her keeping, would be of inestimable value to her as the mistress of a house.

Not only was she to have the entire care of it, but she was to take it every morning to the cellar, the kitchen, the dining-room, the library, the bedroom, and to remain with it in each place for five minutes, looking carefully about.

After the lapse of three years, the father was to send the key, that the secret talisman might be revealed. The key was sent. The casket was opened. It was found to contain an old parchment, on which were written these words: "The eyes of the mistress are worth one hundred pair of servant's hands."

The wise father knew that a practice of inspection followed faithfully for three years would become a habit and be self-perpetuated—that the golden casket and the hidden charm would have accomplished their mission.—*Household.*

TO RELIEVE HEADACHE.

An invaluable remedy for headache is inhalation and exhalation, which should be performed by standing erect and inflating the lungs to their utmost capacity, keeping the mouth perfectly closed, as long as is agreeable to the patient, then exhale very gently from the open mouth—this repeated daily, I had almost said hourly, as the patient can bear, will throw off a world of disease, and change the indolent, sluggish black blood, to bright red life-giving blood. The Indians understand this law. The fond mother goes the rounds before retiring and closes the mouth of the sleepers as the only remedy for keeping cold and disease from the lungs.—*Med. Brief.*

BOYS ON THE FARM.

Boys should be encouraged to raise fruit, and be given a plot of ground for it. It will interest them in farm work and life, and tend to keep them on the farm after they become of age. The mean and penurious way that many boys are treated creates hatred of farm life instead of love and admiration for it, and sends them into city temptations.

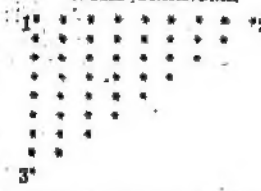
PUZZLES NO. 24.

PECULIAR ACROSTIC.

Each of the words described contains eight letters. When rightly selected and placed one below the other in the order here given, the third row of letters reading downward, will spell a festive season, and the sixth row a parasitic growth much in use at that season.

Cross-words: 1. Appeased. 2. Acting. 3. Fondled. 4. Archbishops. 5. Assaulted. 6. Those who provide food. 7. One who reckons. 8. Soldiers trained to serve either on horseback or on foot. 9. Those who examine metallic ores.

WORD TRIANGLE.



From 1 to 2, from 1 to 3, a day of Christian rejoicing. From 2 to 3, having no rudder.

Across.

2nd line, a wit, a joker.
3rd line, to turn.
4th line, a chemical preparation.
5th line, a lance.
6th line, an instrument.
7th line, a distorted mouth.
8th line, a conjunction.
9th line, a consonant.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

This differs from the ordinary cross-word enigma, by requiring two answers instead of one. The first letter of each answer is "in noisy, not in still," the second "in slaughter, not in *kill*," and so on until the two words have been spelled. One of these words is a name for Christmas Day; the other, a name for the season.

In noisy, not in still;
In slaughter not in kill;
In trammel, not in hook;
In viewing, not in look;
In rivet, not in wed;
In living, not in dead;
In trident, not in prong;
In yearning, not in long.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAM.

The *Chasta myrids* of 1612 was *kardem* by the *thrib* of one of the *swordl* greatest *horiphslopes*, *Weston I. Risonca*, whose most *magnificent soybievder* was the *awl* of universal *via tongtira*.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 8, 5, 21, 13, 12, is a color.
My 14, 6, 19 13, 23, is speed.
My 13, 5, 7, 1, 4, 18 an aromatic plant.
My 16, 22, 2, 21, 11, is a slimy insect.
My 3, 10, 22, 15, are domestic animals.
My 21, 20, 17, 13, is closed.
My 13, 9, 15, 16, 10, 12, is a theme.
My 18 15, 21, 13, is a cozy home.
My 19, 10, 16, 13, 21, 22, 15, is the name of a famous chapel.
My whole is a proverb that farmers try to obey.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 23.

Bible Questions.—1. Is. xxviii., 15-18. The hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding place. 2. Elijah. Read 1 Kings xix., 11, 18. 3. 1 John iii., 1. The world knoweth us not because it knew him not. 4. In 2 Tim. ii., 13. See Nahum i., 7. The Lord knoweth them that trust in him.

Biographical Anagram.—Don Quixote, Spain, Europe, America, Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

Charade.—Heir-loom.

A FROST FESTIVAL.

To those who seek novel ways of entertaining, the Frost Festival offers some desirable features. It is suitable for any season of the year.

The purpose of this festival is to reproduce winter scenes, and particularly the artistic handiwork of Jack Frost, by means of decorations, costumes and bill of fare, and by various features of musical and literary entertainment. The plan gives, mainly, suggestions for those who desire to entertain a large number of guests, as at church, club or society festivals, where the object in view is the raising of money for carrying on benevolent work. Hence the decorations are planned to accomplish tasteful and artistic results with a small outlay of money.

However, young people may easily adapt the idea to smaller home parties, where they may dress their rooms in Arctic fashion, and invite their guests to appear as people from "Lands of the midnight sun and eternal snows," or as representatives of such characters, real or imaginery, as belong to winter and its gaieties.

It is desirable to represent, in the decoration of the walls of the room, ice and snow formations as they appear pendant from roofs, fences, and the large branches of trees after a winter's storm. This may be done with an effect of reality by astening snow-white cotton-batting t the tops of door and windor casings, pulling it downward in points and ragged, irregular shapes, and sprinkling it liberally with pulverized mica or "frost powder."

Small fir-trees and boughs loaded with ragged bits of frosted cotton may be used to advantage. Glass icicles, such as are used in decorating Christmas-trees, are desirable. If these cannot be had, white paper, rolled into the form of ice pendants, brushed with mucilage until well-moistened, and at last thoroughly covered with frost powder, may serve for snow points. Silver paper made up in the same way gives an excellent imitation of icicles.

The room at the rear of the platform—if such an one is available—should, if possible, be converted into a snow cave. This is easily done by covering the walls and floor with white cloth. Then, tearing cotton-batting into ragged strips, pin it lightly upon the white cloth that covers the walls.

Various original features may be added to make the cave more realistic, such as drifts and ice wells, and troughs and bowls hewn from blocks of ice. These may be set upon large tubs, which should be concealed by white drapings of cotton and small fir boughs. The wells and caves may be filled with cool drinks of different kinds, from which guests may be served. A liberal use of snow powder is a necessity, and in lighting the cave a lamp with blue glass shade should be used.

The table decorations may be made very unique and beautiful with slight expense. In the first place, cover the tables with white cloths. White tissue paper, daintily fringed, serves for napkins. Snowballs made out of light, fluffy bits of cotton sheared into proper roundness, upon which short quotations—not over two or three printed lines—may be pasted by using a touch of mucilage, are pretty and appropriate plate souvenirs.

Each table ought to have a centre-piece. Snow mounds; toboggan chutes with dogs harnessed pulling the sleds up the hill on one side of the summit, and a merry party dashing down the opposite path in imitation of the Canadian carnivals; huge snowballs piled in pyramidal shade; snow men; snow forts with boys in full battle, and the like, may be constructed by first shaping the figures as nearly as possible out of newspaper, and then covering and perfecting the forms with a thick layer of cotton-batting. Over all sprinkle frost powder and threads of silver fringe.

Toy dogs and dolls dressed in toboggan suits may be used to represent the living figures of the toboggan chute, and toy soldiers answer for the snow forts. No ingenious person need fear to undertake the making of any or all of the centre-pieces suggested. They add much to the appearance of the tables.

If the season is warm, the bill of fare may well consist, mainly, of frozen creams and ices of various kinds, with frosted cakes and cold drinks. If a more substantial repast is desired, the dessert, at least, should partake of the frosty nature.

Young ladies in white dresses and caps should serve at the tables. The most suitable material for costumes is white Canton flannel, made up the plush side out, since the plush retains the frost powder in desirable quantity.

It will be impossible, in a short article, to outline any considerable part of an entertainment suited to a festival of this kind. One feature, however, may be mentioned briefly.

A dozen children may be chosen to represent snow-flakes. Their costumes, without exception, are made of white Canton flannel. Jack Frost is represented as a very active little fellow of six. The "Wee Snowballman" is another equally tiny lad, while Frost Flake, the smallest of the girls, is resplendent with tinsel fringe.

These little people, by movement songs and exercises, very beautifully represent the frolic of the snowflakes, as they come hurrying down from the clouds to cover the brown earth.

To the familiar tune of "We are all nodding, nid-nid-nodding," they sing several verses like the following, accompanying the singing of the two first and two last lines with appropriate movements:

"We are all a-floating, float, float, floating,
We are all a-floating and flying through the air
Just like the snow-flakes white,
Just like the snow-flakes bright,
We are floating, floating, floating
Just like snow-flakes through the air,
We are all a-floating, float, float, floating,
We are all a-floating and flying through the air."

These verses may be prolonged indefinitely by replacing "floating and flying" with "pushing and crowding," "swinging and sailing," and so forth, until the last verse is reached. Here the children should sing, "We are all a-running and a-rushing," etc., and the two last lines should be repeated several times. The running grows more rapid, and the path more zigzag, until finally the snowflakes all disappear into the cave, as though blown thither by a fierce gale.

The snowflakes give another exercise accompanied by the piano. The musical selection is a bright number in four-four time. The snow-flakes, keeping perfect time, give sixteen strokes to each movement, in the following order:

1, with right hand; 2, with left hand; 3, with both hands; 4, clap hands; 5, clap hands above the head; 6, head thrown back, then forward; 7, head bend to right, then to left; 8, right foot; 9, left foot; 10, hop at place; 11, "hippety-hop" in a circle; 12, join hands, still keeping the "hippety-hop" step; 13, two tallest children raise hands; the two children at opposite side of circle hop under the raised hands, then separate and hop back to their former place in the circle. The other children, having followed their lead, come back to their places; the circle is again formed; they join hands, and hop around the circle once more. The tallest again raise their hands. The same movements are repeated three times, and the snow-flakes hie away to their cave.

As a pleasing accompaniment suggestive of winter, the children may wear tiny bells sewed upon their sleeves and dress skirts. —*Mrs. A. G. Lewis, in Youth's Companion.*

THE ART OF CHRISTMAS GIVING.

Give with a loving and full heart, and never under any circumstances give that which you begrudge. Such a gift will bear no fruit for you, not even the honest fruit of thanks. You can quote as many times as you want that "Unto him that hath shall be given," and so it shall, because it is just this way, my friend: You possess the gifts of gentleness and graciousness, of politeness and of goodness, and these are gifts that call others to them. If people are cross and disagreeable there is very slight inclination to wish them A Merry Christmas; if they are irritable and snappish nobody cares whether they are blessed with a Christmas present or not, but unto her who hath the graces that I have cited, will certainly come a basket full of good gifts, "Pressed down, shaken together and running over."—*Ruth Ashmore.*

Two THINGS you ought not to fret about; First, things which you can help; and second, things which you cannot help. If you can help them, why do you not apply the remedy? If you cannot help them, you might as well surrender first as last.—*Talmage.*

CHRISTMAS EVE.

The children dreamed the whole night through
Of stockings hung the hearth beside;
And, bound to make each dream come true,
Went Santa Claus at Christmas-tide.

Black stockings, red, brown, white and gray—
Long, little, warm, or patched and thin—
The kindly saint found on his way,
And, smiling popped his presents in.

But as he felt his hoard grow light,
A tear-drop glistened in his eye:
"More children on this earth to-night,
Than stars are twinkling in the sky."

Upon the white and frozen snow
He knelt, his empty bag beside—
"Some little socks must empty go,
Alas!"—said he—"this Christmas-tide.

"Though I their stockings may not heap
With gifts and toys and Christmas cheer,
These little ones from sorrow keep;
For each, dear Lord, to thee is dear!

"Thou wert a little child like them"—
Prayed he—"for whom I would provide,
Long years ago in Bethlehem,
That first and blessed Christmas-tide!

"As soothed thee then thy mother's kiss,
And all her comfort, sweet and kind,
So give them love, lest they may miss
The gifts I know not where to find!

"That sweetest gift, dear Lord, bestow
On all the children far and wide;
And give them hearts as pure as snow,"
Prayed Santa Claus—"at Christmas-tide!"

—*Marguerite Merington, in The Ladies' Home Journal.*

THE SUNBEAM.

A little sunbeam chanced to stray,
In search of play-mates one fine day.
He glanced across the nursery floor,
But quickly passed in at the door—

"It's mine;" "It isn't!" "Get along!"
"I tell you, you are in the wrong!"
Was what he heard, in voices loud,
And ever darker grew the cloud,—

And why? what do you think he found?
A little girl who stamped and frowned,
A boy quite cross,—he could not stay
For this was no nice place to play.

He crept along the curly hair
Of little Ronald sitting there,
And in his eyes so blue and clear
He found a tiny shining tear.

The sunbeam glittered on the drop
And down it rolled, it could not stop,
And then a little sobbing sound,
Made Lucy turn her cross face round.

Ah now the big black cloud has passed
As round his neck her arms she cast
She kissed the trickling tears away
And bright and sunny grew the day.

The happy sunbeam danced for joy
Around the little girl and boy
It played amongst the golden curls
And dried the tears like dewy pearls.

[For the *Messenger*.

WORK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Many boys and girls think that they would willingly do missionary work if they only knew what to do. They say, "There are no poor in our neighborhood who would accept aid; the sick have more capable hands than mine to work for them, and what can I do?" My young friends, do you ever think that there is enough real missionary work in your own home to keep you a lifetime? Work which will receive the smile of God as surely as though you were ever at the bedside of the sick, or were called to heathen lands to bear the good tidings? There are so many opportunities for making others happy who feel the hand of sorrow laid heavily upon them, opportunities which we neglect because they seem so familiar and are such a part of our every day life. Let me illustrate: I went to board in the home of a widow who had recently lost her only son, one whose life and death assured her that he was happy on the other side, but she was so lonely though her house was filled with pleasant roomers and a few boarders. Her eyesight having failed her, when she sat down to rest she could only think, think of her loss and loneliness. Her son used to read to her night after night: used to take her to places of amusement, but all that was past now. The thought (Did not the Lord put it there?) came to me, why not spend more time with her and read to her. I asked her if it would please her to have me do so, and she answered, as the tears of pleasure sprang to her eyes, "God bless you, child, indeed it would." I have read to her and have enjoyed it as much as she, and I can see that she grows brighter and happier every day. Is there not some one in your home who has a like affliction, or who could listen to others when they have no time themselves to read? In the homes of most of my readers, I am sure, there are pleasant books and papers, but mamma, and perhaps papa, have not much time to read them. Are there not some bright boys and girls who will willingly give a few minutes each day to make father and mother acquainted with the contents of those books or papers? Now that the schools have begun, how many boys and girls come rushing in from school, throwing books and slates hastily by, giving a pleasant smile to mamma sitting over by the window mending their torn garments, then out to play until they are called to the pleasant meal which loving hands have prepared for them. How little sacrifice it would have been for you, my little friend, to have given her a loving kiss and spent twenty minutes with her recounting the little incidents and joys of the day, and perhaps reading some little sketch which has caught your fancy or you think may please her. Do you say this is not missionary work? Why, my dear would-be-missionaries, that golden rule, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you" is one of the strongest reminders of our missionary duties, and can nowhere be tried with so satisfactory results as in one's own home. If you had to sit alone for a greater part of the day, with not one of those whom you love, or any of your friends near you, doing some work which you alone can do, would not you appreciate a loving greeting when they came home, and some thoughtful act of love to show you that they wanted to make your hours with them pleasant? But perhaps you think I have not entered into your case and these words do not apply to you; that you have no opportunity to do any of these things. Just look about you and see if there is not something which you might do in your own home to make others happy, and if your case is not touched by this letter it may be by subsequent letters which I hope to write. I hope to give you an insight into many homes and the work that young people could so easily do to raise the intellectual and moral standard in those homes. It is not always the distribution of money that gives the most happiness, but there are other things which count for far more. See if you cannot find out what they are, and make more sunshine in the hearts of those you must meet daily.

MAY BROOKS.

Philadelphia.

CYRUS HAMLIN.

HOW HE CAME OUT OF A MISSIONARY BOX.

The venerable Cyrus Hamlin, speaking of his boyhood days before the Interdenominational Missionary Union at Clifton Springs, told the following amusing and suggestive bit of personal experience:—

In those days, all were agreed, the greatest event of the season was the fall training or militia muster. To participate in the affair was the greatest military glory that we could have any conception of. There was the Colonel on his magnificent horse; the fifers and drummers; the militia men. It elevated our souls just to behold the glory of the militia muster. There used often to be Indians there, and about twenty or twenty-five old Revolutionary soldiers, who were always getting up Indian fights. Every boy who went to the muster had his money to buy gingerbread and other confections on that great day.

Now I remember almost as well as though it were yesterday, a bright September morning when I started for the muster. My mother gave me seven cents to buy gingerbread for my enjoyment during the day; and a cent then would buy a pretty large piece of gingerbread. I was rich; my mother was generous.

I was thinking how I could spend all that money in one day, when my mother said, "Perhaps, Cyrus, you will put a cent or two into Mrs. Farris's contribution-box as you go by." Mrs. Farris used to take the box home with her on Sunday, and persons not at the meeting might stop at her house during the week and drop in a few cents.

As I went along I kept thinking, my mother said "a cent or two." I wished she had told me to put in one cent or two cents: but there it was: "Perhaps, Cyrus, you will put in a cent or two."

As I turned it over in my mind during the first mile of my walk, I thought, "Well, I will put in two cents." Then I began to reason with myself: "How would that look? Two cents for the heathen and five cents for gingerbread." It didn't satisfy my ideas very well; because we always read the missionary news in the *Puritan Recorder* every Sunday, and then the *Missionary Herald* came every month; so we kept full of all the missionary news there was, and my conscience was a little tender on that subject. Two cents didn't look right, and after a while I began to think that I would put three cents into the missionary box.

I went along a spell with a good deal of comfort after I had come to this decision. But by-and-by the old reasoning and comparison came back to me. "Four cents for gingerbread and three cents for the souls of the heathen." How was I to get rid of that? I thought I would change it to four for the heathen and three for gingerbread. Nobody could complain of that.

Then I thought of the other boys, who would be sure to ask, "How many cents have you got to spend?" and I should be ashamed if I had only three cents. "Confound it all!" I said. "I wish mother had given me six cents or eight cents. Then it would be easy to decide; but now I don't know what to do."

I got to Mrs. Farris's house and went in. I remember just how I felt to this day. I got hold of my seven cents and thought, "I might as well drop them all in, and then there will be no trouble." *And so I did.*

After that, I went off immensely well satisfied with what I had done. I was quite puffed up, and enjoyed it hugely till about noon, when I began to be hungry. I played shy of the gingerbread-stand—didn't want to go there; went off around where the soldiers were having their dinner, and wished somebody would throw me a bone.

Well, I stood it without a mouthful till about four o'clock, and then I started for home. I can remember just how I felt when I got in sight of my home. It seemed as if my knees would fail me—they felt worse than they do now—I could hardly drag myself along. But as soon as I reached the house I cried, "Mother, do give me something to eat; I'm as hungry as a bear; I haven't eaten a mouthful all day."

"Why, Cyrus! where is the money I gave you this morning?"

"Mother, you didn't give it to me right. If you had given me six cents, or eight cents, I could have divided it; but I couldn't divide seven cents, and so I put it all into the missionary box."

She said, "You poor boy!" and she went right off and brought me a big bowl of bread and milk; and I don't think I ever ate such bread and milk before. There were tears in my mother's eyes, and I said, "Pshaw, mother! I would go without eating all day to have bread and milk taste as good as this."

But that wasn't what she was thinking of—no mother here would interpret it that way. It was the thought, "This little boy, my youngest, can deny himself for the sake of Jesus," that brought tears to those loving eyes.

Now, if there are any mothers here who don't want their children to go into missionary work, don't go fooling round with missionary boxes. But if you do want them to go as missionaries, that is the way to train them for missionaries.

When I grew to be a young man, I told my mother, "I have decided to give my life to missionary work;" and she wept heartily over it, but said, "I have always expected this, Cyrus," and she never said another word about it.

I have often thought, in looking over my boyhood, that out of that missionary box came six missionaries, who have done long and good work. We never thought of it then; but that is my interpretation of it now. One of the missionaries is the man who saved the Telugu Mission when the Baptist Board thought of giving it up. They told him they wouldn't send him back, and he said, "You needn't send me back, but I shall go back. As I have lived so shall I die—among the Telugus." They couldn't do anything with such an obstinate man, so they said, "When you die, we do not want the heathen to pitch you into a hole and cover you up; we want you to have a Christian burial, and this young man shall go back with you." I think, in five years after their arrival, they baptized five thousand converts. That was the Rev. Dr. Jewett, of the Telugu Mission. When we were boys, we used to attend the same church and look at each other through the loop-holes in the high pews. I have always felt as if he came out of that missionary-box. I am sure I did; but I didn't know it at the time.—*Helping Hand.*

DRINKING AND THE CHILDREN.

There was a hard-drinking man always able to attend to business. But he transmitted to his children such vitiated constitutions that all died early of disease, except one, whom I know. He had chronic dyspepsia. The appetite for liquor descended on the second generation with terrible power. His daughter early died of consumption. One son committed suicide for fear of a second attack of delirium tremens. The second son walked right on in the same path till he was placed where he could get no liquor. He lives in that confinement yet.

Intoxicating drinks not only blunt all the finer feelings, cloud the intellect, and ruin the health of the drinker, but descend with fearful power on succeeding generations. The very men who take every pains to improve the breed of their horses, cows, and hogs, are so living as to deteriorate the race of their own children. They care more for the pure blood of their cattle than the pure blood of their children. The worst of this sin is that it is self-perpetuating and extending. If it would use up the present drinkers only, it would not be so bad. But it is the horrid Minotaur that constantly demands hecatombs of our children. It

"Gropes in yet unblasted regions for its miserable prey:
Shall we guide its g ory fingers where our helpless children play?"

BISHOP WARREN.